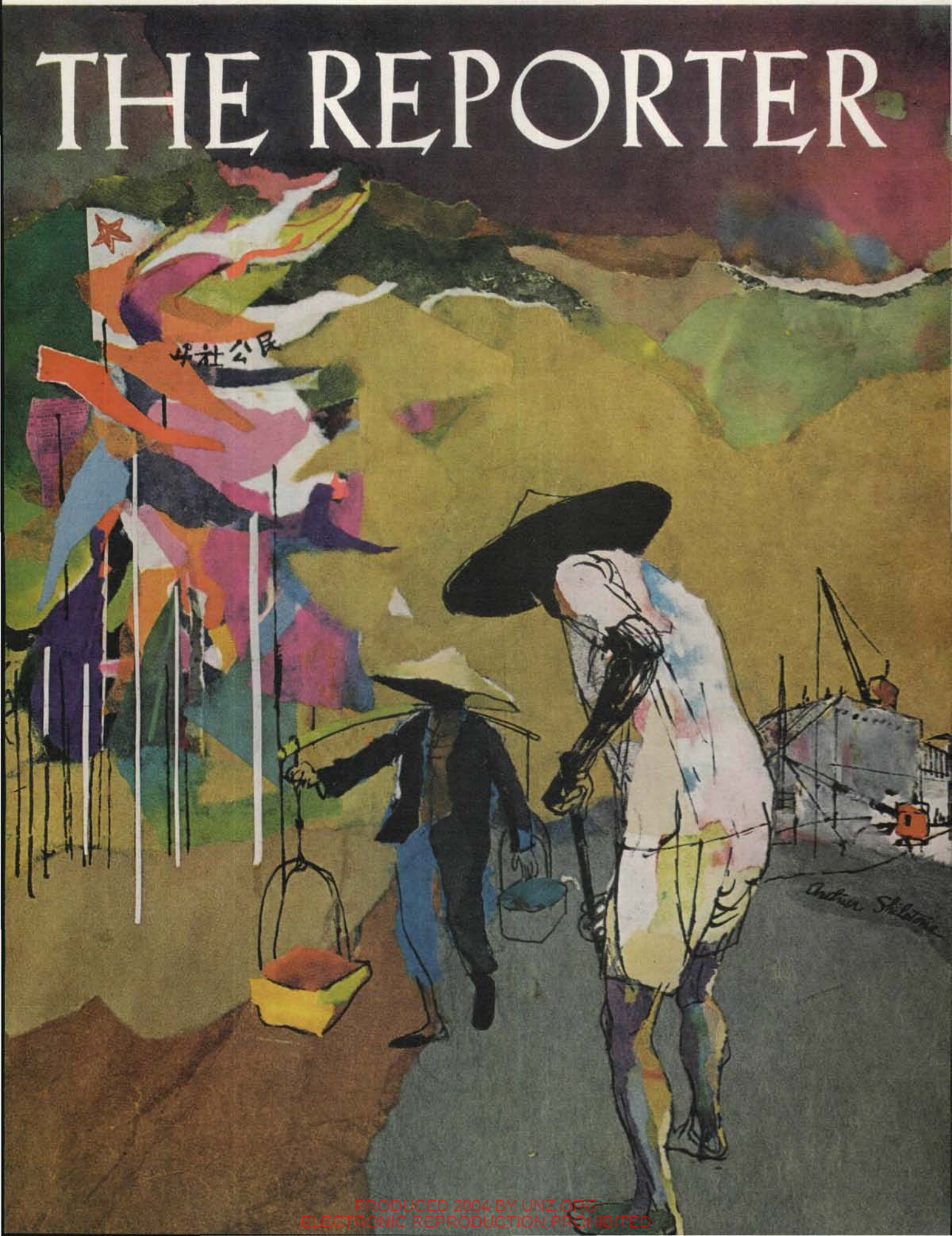
China's New Leap Forward

September 23, 1965 35¢

UHURU COMES TO THE SENATE

THE REPORTER



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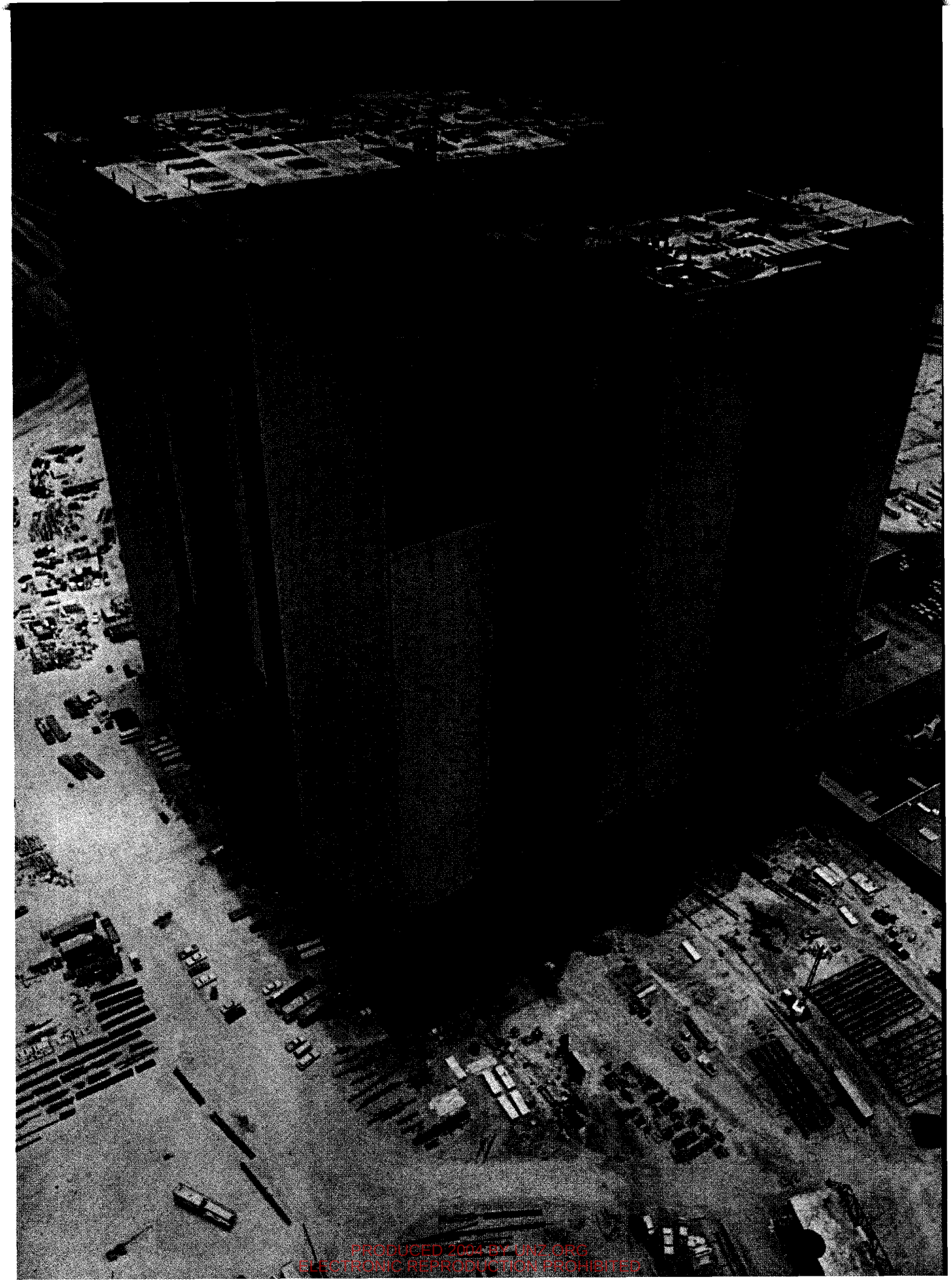

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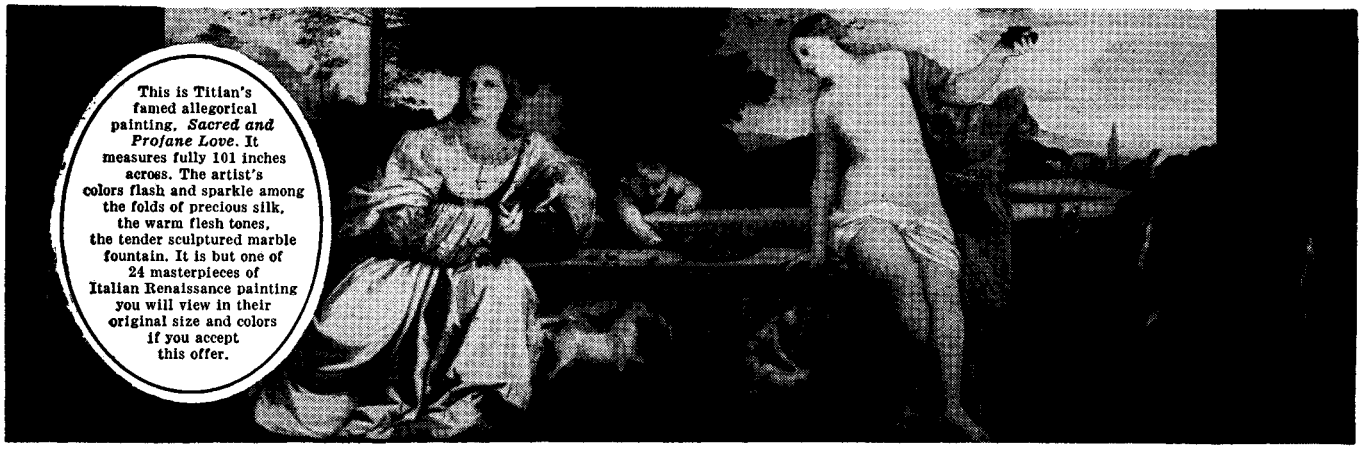

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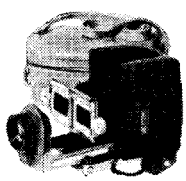

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

UNDISMAYED by the economic disaster they called their Great Leap Forward, the Chinese Communists have now launched a violent political leap, candidly setting forth their bid for world conquest. As detailed by Marshal Lin Piao, most of the leaping is to be done by the peoples of the "rural" continents in a world revolution against the "urban" continents, meaning us. The time has come, **Max Ascoli** writes, to recognize China—not in the diplomatic sense, for the experience of those who have done so demonstrates that this is futile—but to recognize the Chinese and their demands that we get out of Asia, Africa, and Latin America for what they are. Equally important, the time has come to make China recognize *us*. . . . China's greatest success in this new leap, of course, has been with Indonesia. Almost all obstacles to open Communist control of the country have now been removed and President Sukarno has become Peking's most faithful agent among the nations he terms the New Emerging Forces. As the links between the two countries grow ever stronger, Indonesian and Chinese-backed subversion and insurgency from Laos to Borneo are being closely coordinated. **Denis Warner** has recently begun another of his periodic swings through Southeast Asia. . . . Politics and economics are inseparable for the Chinese Communists. China's growing trade with Japan, analyzed by **Jerrold Schecter,** *Time-Life* bureau chief in Tokyo, has become the main instrument of Peking's maneuvering for recognition by Japan and for ending Japan's two-China trade policy. . . . Similarly, China continues to restrain its attacks on the British colony of Hong Kong in order to carry on a vital exchange of food, water, and textiles for the hard currency Hong Kong earns from the West. **Donald Kirk,** who free-lances from a Hong Kong base, describes the colony's dependence on China.

THE PRESENT AGE is a difficult one, we read, for men's clubs. Those elegant Victorian piles where elderly clubmen muttered over the newspapers in bay windows have often had to admit a new element—even ladies!—to keep solvent and up with the times. Something similar appears to have happened to "the world's most exclusive club," the Senate. **Meg Greenfield** tells how rambunctious groups of relative newcomers are itching to redecorate the whole establishment in Northern Liberal Modern. . . . Whatever the outcome of the German elections this month, the underlying characteristics of the New Germany will remain unchanged. As if to compensate for its political limitations, the Federal Republic is making its ever-expanding economic power the chief tool of a national policy ultimately directed at reunification. **George Bailey** writes from Bonn that in the debate on how to use this power, a school of economic romantics disillusioned with Allied policy has a growing influence. . . . The undeclared war with Pakistan over Kashmir has confronted India's meek-appearing prime minister with decisions that may finally write off the nonalignment policies he inherited from Nehru. **Sundar Rajan,** assistant editor of the *Times of India* in Bombay, describes the internal and external pressures on Shastri. . . . **Philip Geyelin,** the *Wall Street Journal's* State Department correspondent, recently examined the plight of the refugees in a visit to Vietnam. . . . **Fernando Krahn** turns his cartoonist's pen to the vicissitudes of space travel.

WHAT HAPPENS to people in close relationship to one another when accidental death disrupts their lives is the theme of **Anne Tyler's** short story. Miss Tyler, Minnesota-born and North Carolina raised, now lives in Quebec. Her first novel, *If Morning Ever Comes,* was widely praised, and her second, *The Tin Can Tree,* from which this story is excerpted, will be published soon by Knopf. . . . The so-called cultural explosion in its musical manifestation is examined by **Henry Pleasants,** who has recently translated and edited *The Musical World of Robert Schumann* for St. Martin's Press. . . . **Howard Nemerov,** a faculty member of Bennington College, was invited to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard last June. . . . **Bernard Brodie** of the RAND Corporation is author of *Strategy in the Missile Age* (Princeton). Views expressed in his analysis of Henry Kissinger's most recent study are his own, and should not be interpreted as reflecting the views of the RAND Corporation or the official opinion or policy of any of its governmental or private research sponsors. . . . **Derek Morgan,** our former assistant managing editor, now lives and writes in England. . . . **Richard C. Wald** is associate editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . **Gerald Weales** is a frequent contributor.

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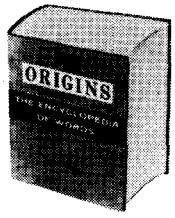

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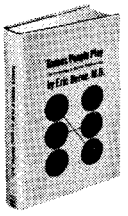

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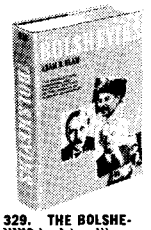

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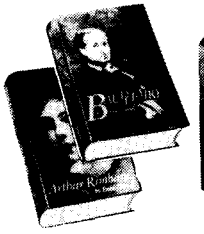

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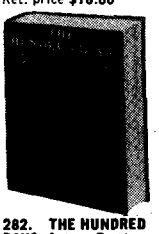

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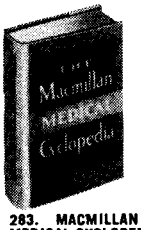

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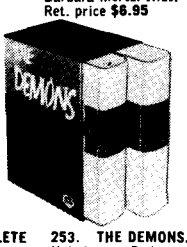

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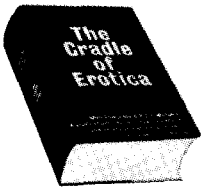

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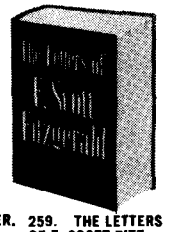

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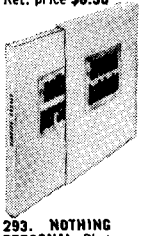

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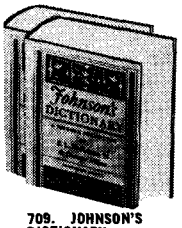

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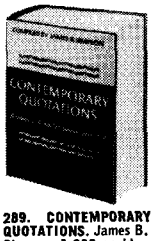

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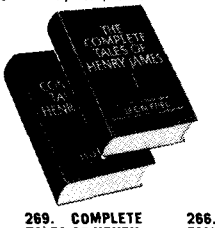

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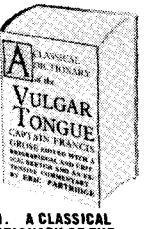

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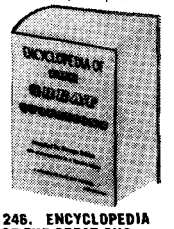

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ANTIPODAL PRESCIENCE

To the Editor: Seth S. King's article "Singapore's Restless Chinese" (*The Reporter,* August 12) reached me before I read the reports of the secession of Singapore from so-called Malaysia. It is a rare experience to read an article explaining something that will happen later on. It is also an excellent piece of reporting, and the author should be both complimented and congratulated.

Richard Deverall
Staff Representative,
AFL-CIO
Washington, D. C.

A MATTER OF TASTE

To the Editor: Hooray for Meg Greenfield and her focus on "taste"! In revealing the shadows of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s, memoirs of the Kennedy years ("Byzantium on the Potomac," "The Reporter's Notes," August 12), she has done her usual admirable job. Too often have slick writers with an academic sheen been able to capitalize royalties on so-called "inside" stories, embellishing the "authenticity" with irrelevant and irreverent personal asides.

Public affairs, with emphasis on a discussion and clarification of issues, is much too important to be left to those with only an interlude of experience for responsibility and an overwhelming eagerness to capitalize by writings or otherwise on such relationships.

Shirley A. Field
House of Representatives
Salem, Oregon

ACHESON ANALYZED

To the Editor: I read Dean Acheson's witty "Advice to Young Academic Propagandists" (*The Reporter,* August 12) with great interest, but I think it would be more to the point for him to criticize the ignorance rather than the honest ineptitude of the "academic propagandists." Too many of those professors are attempting merely to trade on their academic credentials without any great knowledge of Indo-China and too many students regard the Vietcong as Southeast Asian Populists. The problem of ignorance is not limited to the President's opponents. Mr. Johnson is bedeviled by supporters such as Gerald Ford, the House Minority Leader, who seek to fight a tactical ground war with strategic air power, and the Young Americans for Freedom, who see the bombings not as means but only as an end in themselves.

David F. Rudgers
Arlington, Virginia

THREATENED REDWOODS

To the Editor: In "Four-Lane Menace to California's Redwoods" (*The Reporter,* August 12), Lois Phillips Hud-

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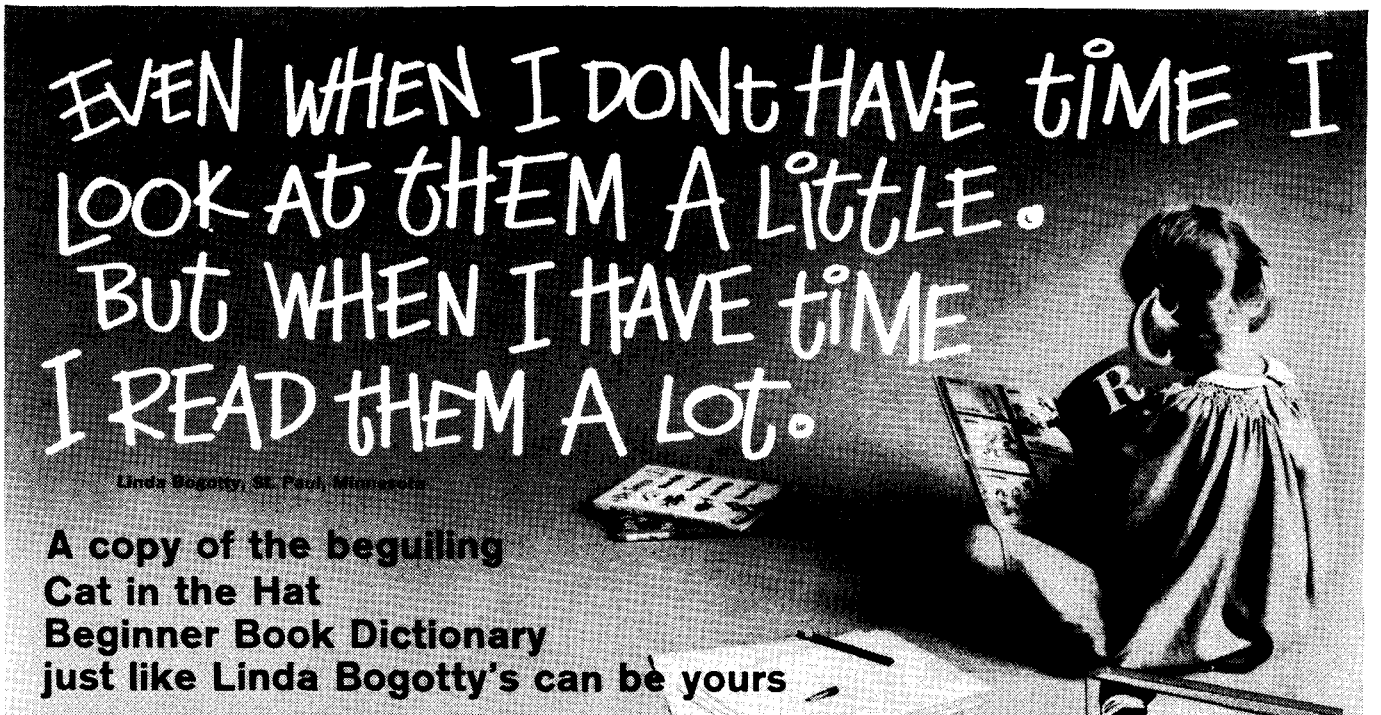

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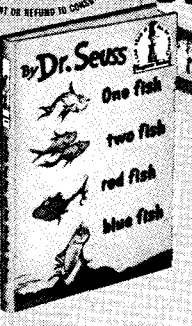

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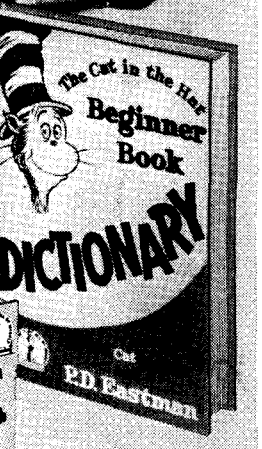

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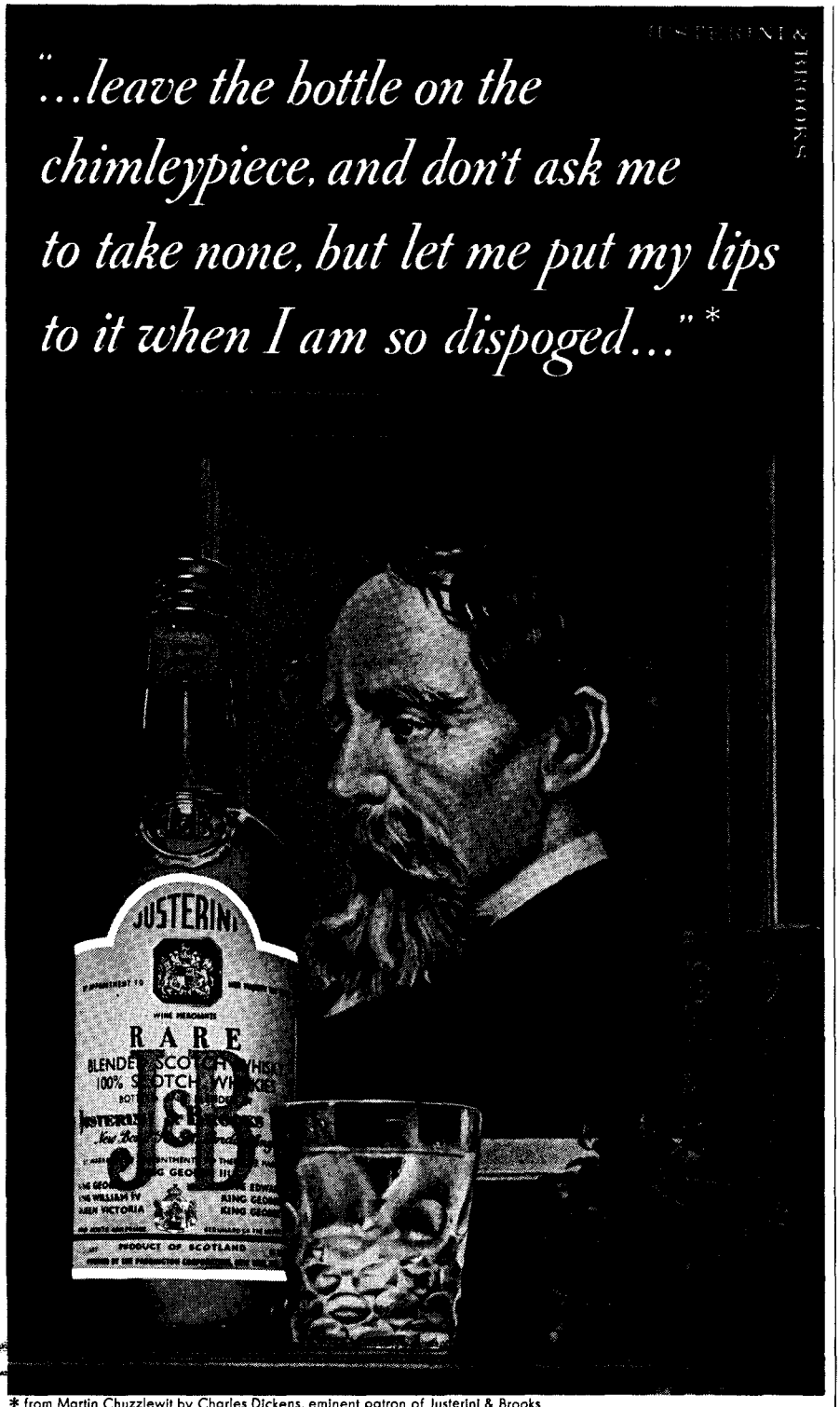
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son has stated the facts moderately but convincingly about the danger that the best of the redwood country north of the San Francisco Bay area will be irretrievably ruined, so far as prospects of a major national park in that region are concerned, if the proposed freeway is put through as planned. Americans have been terribly slow in waking up to the danger of losing some of their greatest areas of superlative natural beauty, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the redwood country. Yosemite, Sequoia, Yellowstone, and the Grand Canyon are all magnificent, as is the Olympic Peninsula, but where can one immerse in nature and commune with oneself under such ideal circumstances as in the midst of these great trees? Relics of a long distant past, they still flourish in an age when we are losing so much of that past.

More power to Mrs. Hudson for her campaign, and more power to those in Congress and elsewhere who are trying to induce the Federal government to create a Redwood National Park that may forever stay the bulldozer and concrete layer, the power saw and the caterpillar tractor.

PAUL W. GATES
Department of History
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

DISPLACED TEACHERS

To the Editor: Barbara Carter's "Integrating the Negro Teacher Out of a Job" (*The Reporter*, August 12) focuses on a crucial problem.

It will be a major tragedy if Negro teachers are driven from the teaching profession or from the South by wholesale firings, for teachers comprise perhaps the most important leadership group in many Negro communities. It is clear that state and local public officials violate the Constitution and their oaths to uphold it when they discriminate on the basis of race in the hiring, firing, or assigning of public-school teachers.

Our organization is committed to represent every Negro teacher discharged in a discriminatory fashion. We have numerous cases already pending in Federal courts throughout the South and intend to make every effort to reverse the alarming trend which is so well described in Miss Carter's article.

JACK GREENBERG
Director-Counsel
N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense
and Educational Fund, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: Reporting on the complex problems involved in the field of education today is certainly not an easy task. Experience has shown that objective and balanced reports on education are often the exception rather than the rule.

This is why I am writing to commend Barbara Carter for the excellent

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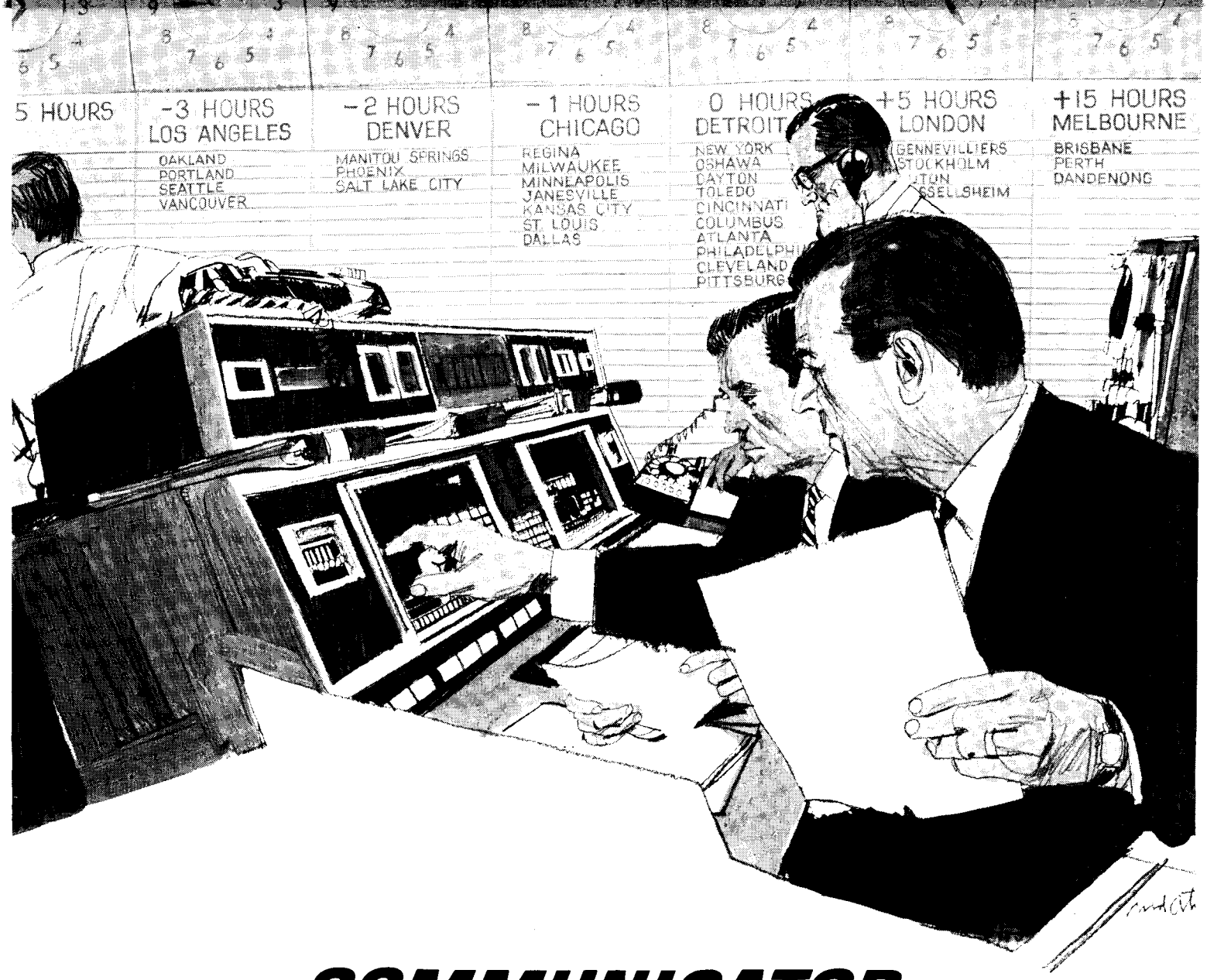

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Woodrow Wilson

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"Few American Presidents have so dominated their administrations as this scholar who came to high office persuaded that the President must keep firm control on both foreign and domestic policy, and that Presidential responsibility embraced party and Administration as well. Possibly that is why, 'when the cheering stopped,' almost everything seemed to stop; there was no one to take over, no one to speak for Wilson or for the Administration and in the end no one to take up his work and carry it on.

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reporting in her "Integrating the Negro Teacher Out of a Job." Miss Carter covered the issues very fairly and showed unusual depth and understanding of the multiple problems arising out of school integration and the displacement of teachers—particularly Negro teachers. It is this kind of objective reporting that does most to bring full understanding of the teacher displacement to the public. You have our heartfelt appreciation for presenting such a fine article on a very sensitive subject.

SAM M. LAMBERT
Assistant Executive Secretary
for Information Services
National Education Association
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: On behalf of "Operation Reclaim," may I express our gratitude for Barbara Carter's fine article, "Integrating the Negro Teacher Out of a Job."

As you know, "Operation Reclaim" has been launched by the New York City Board of Education to preserve for the benefit of New York City's public school children the talents of fine teachers who are losing their positions in the formerly all-Negro schools of the South in the name of desegregation. We are seeking Federal assistance to set up a training program which, through the good offices of colleges in New York City, will make it possible for these teachers to qualify, where necessary, for teaching positions in our public schools.

Miss Carter describes exactly the type of teachers we in New York City are seeking out. Her article has rendered a great service to the cause of education across the country by calling attention to the plight of these fine teachers.

JOHN B. KING
Executive Deputy Superintendent-Elect
Board of Education of the City
of New York
Brooklyn, New York

DISPUTED CHECKPOINT

To the Editor: Certain sequences in CBS News' Special Report on May 31, "Santo Domingo—Why Are We There?" referred to in Selden Rodman's "A Close View of Santo Domingo" (*The Reporter*, July 15), were not filmed on the dates and under the circumstances that Lieutenant General Bruce Palmer states they were.

The initial film sequence of junta troops passing through United States roadblock Alpha 2 was shot more than a week after the May 5 date General Palmer says it was taken. Additional film on the broadcast of armed policemen going through another U.S. roadblock was shot on May 21—the day after a news conference by Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus R. Vance and General Palmer, in which both stated that they knew of no deliberate U.S. violation of neutrality. The article

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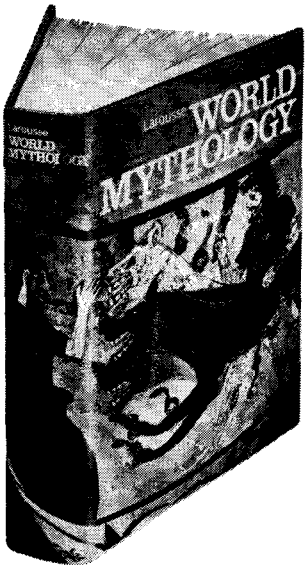

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is correct about the CBS News broadcast only when it states that when this latter film was shown, CBS News Correspondent Charles Kuralt came on to say: "The very next day we watched dozens of trucks loaded with armed junta troops and policemen, both of them in battle against the rebels, roll through American checkpoints without even slowing down."

This latter sequence was filmed on the morning after the Vance-Palmer news conference when Mr. Kuralt and Mario Biasetti, a CBS News cameraman, stopped at a U.S. checkpoint to film a tank crew and, while there, were able to see trucks rolling through carrying armed men. At least some of these trucks carried junta soldiers, not policemen. Mr. Kuralt, who speaks Spanish fluently, confirmed that they were soldiers by shouting to them as they went by and asking whether they were army or police. Several shouted back "army," and one man even called out the name of his junta unit. Mr. Kuralt, being the reporter that he is, asked the Marine sergeant in charge of the checkpoint if he could tell the difference between junta troops and police, and the sergeant said that he could not.

We believe it is not too much to ask of *The Reporter* that it check a contrary point of view before printing as fact what is not only incorrect but obviously a one-sided view.

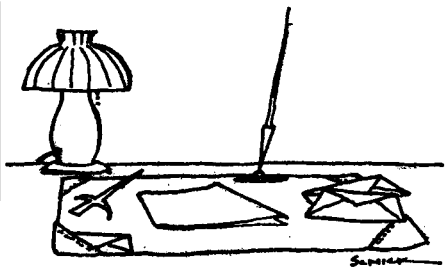
Leslie Midgely
Executive Producer
CBS News
New York

[*The sources quoted by Mr. Rodman have emphatically confirmed the accuracy of his interview. CBS's contrary point of view was also summarized in the article and is further expanded here by Mr. Midgely. It all boils down to two different versions of the events by two sources whom we respect.*]

JERSEY TAXES

To the Editor: I agree with John J. Farmer's estimate of the gubernatorial situation in New Jersey ("A Chance for a Change in the Garden State," *The Reporter*, August 12). I believe that either one of the major-party candidates will press for a broad-base tax if elected. The real problem will be to get the state legislature to act.

Mary Louise Nuelsen, President
New Jersey League
of Women Voters
Montclair, New Jersey



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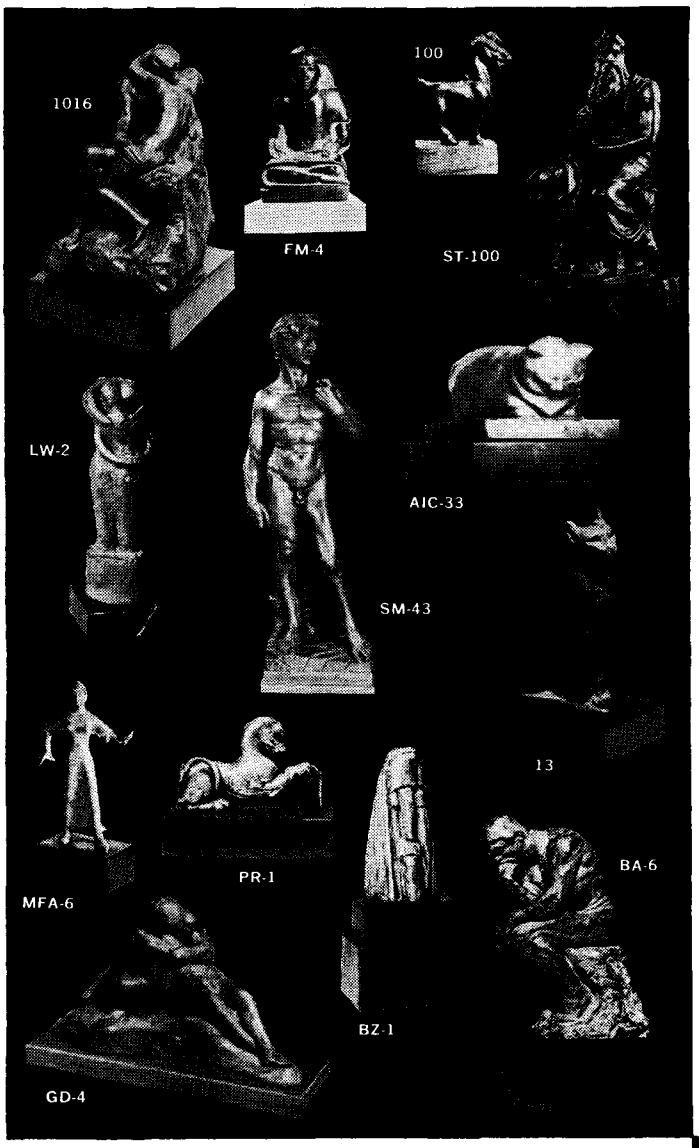

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 131

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
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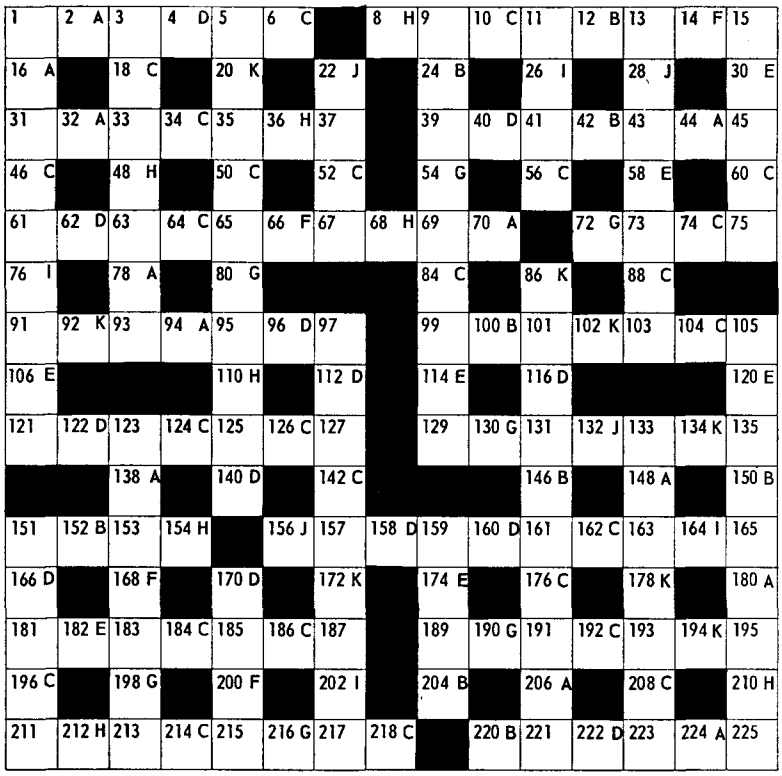

A
94 206 148 180 2 70 78 32 44 16 138 224 Emotion felt by one of Christopher Robin's companions (4,4,4).

B
150 152 220 100 24 204 146 12 42 Former item of ladies' apparel (4,5).

C
34 192 6 186 46 84 18 176 50 64 142 52
60 74 104 126 214 10 208 56 196 218 162
88 124 184 "...Keeps Death his court, and there_____ _____, Scoffing his state and_____ _____ _____ _____. (5,4...8,2,3,4). Shakespeare, "Richard II."

D
112 4 222 140 96 40 62 158 116 122 170
160 166 Desire as it might be expressed by chocolate beverage lover (4,4,5).

E
30 106 120 182 174 114 58 To listen to completely (4,3).

F
66 168 200 14 One of the famous European mountain ranges.

G
130 80 198 72 190 54 216 Source of Robin Hood's bow (3,4).

H
8 68 36 210 110 48 212 154 Slang for a malfunctioning pedal extremity (5,3).

I
26 164 202 76 $CO(NH_2)_2$.

J
132 156 28 22 "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are _____." I Corinthians.

K
134 86 178 172 102 194 20 92 Cry of Bostonians before the American Revolution (3,2,3).

ACROSS

1. Show another aspect when the bee is in overt conditions.
8. Spats with arrows.
31. Is the Marxist dead?—It's feared so.
39. Apostrophize the boards for the one held in pledge.
61. Wall Street maneuver or many years to come? (4,6).
72. I'm in TNT and get a color.
91. Butt into the court attendant but don't get in an uproar.
99. It's an icon, son, for something pertaining to blood serum.
121. More shaken in TNT? It's a torture!
129. Ayr's rocked with TNT. Dictators, perhaps.
151. Fashion a broken dome.
156. Counterfeit money or dishonest police? (3,7).
181. Must you rag Chip? It's vivid.
189. A fossil may be an inciter!
211. Kind of boots worn in halls of government.
220. A short match in single society (3,3).

DOWN

1. Let's get this clear, dolt. It's vintage wine (3,6).
3. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
5. Marxists in 3 down—or so in baseball (4,6).
9. Shows the door or a summary of a Poe story? (6,3).
11. Kind of mat that may be in a hurry.
13. It's no tale I tell with joy.
15. Blamed when a saint holds a hen.
22. Do copy work when the tide goes out.
86. Is the script first class? No. It's an assignment.
97. Thrills in doorways.
105. A chest she uses for money records (4,5).
123. Warned or sketched over.
133. Work of Sartre and barred doors (2,5).
151. Wise men take many. It's supernatural.
159. The chief one when of the walk.
170. Burn the arch!

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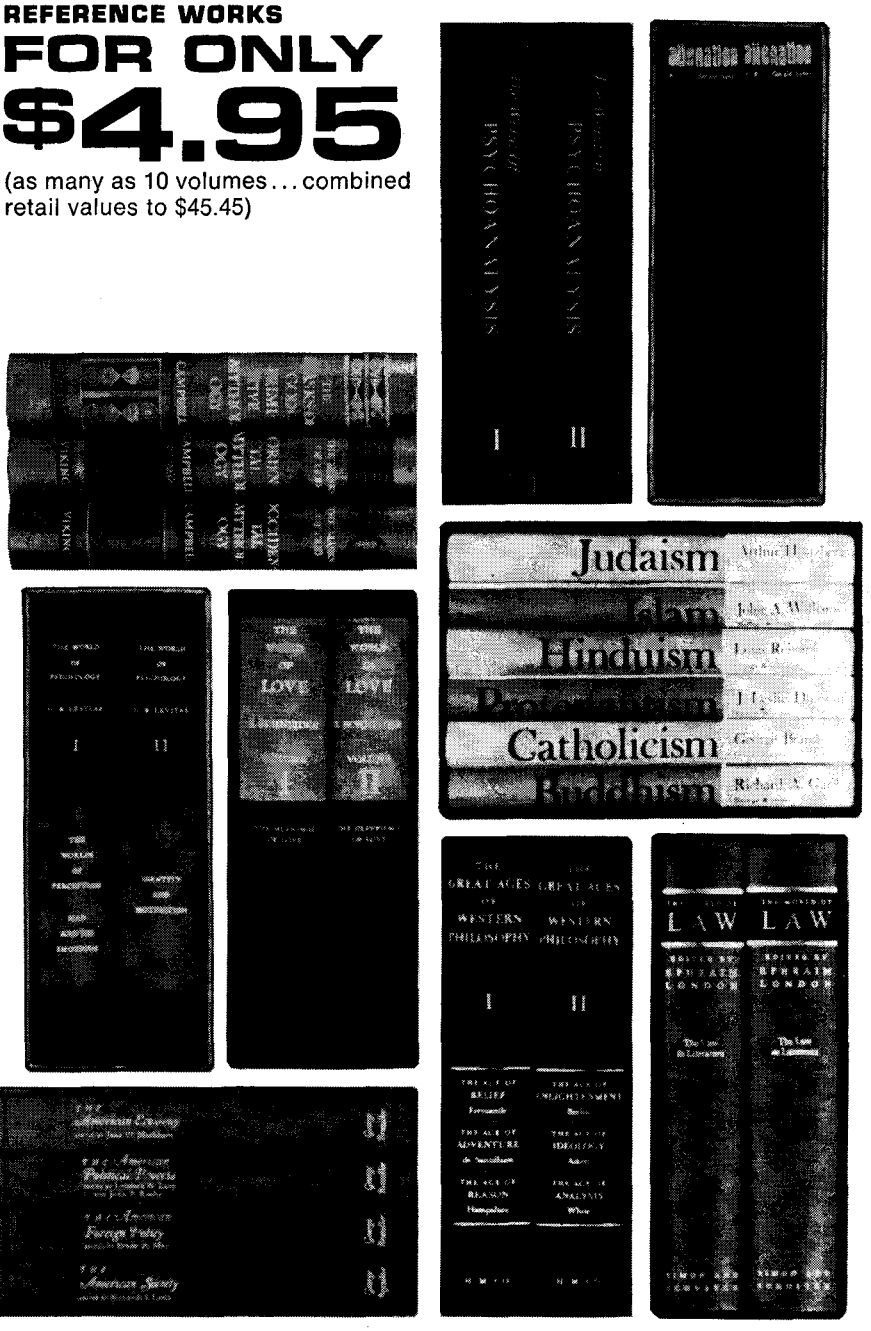

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The War on Evil

At the recent organizational meeting of his new Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, President Johnson announced that he did not merely intend to reduce crime but to "banish" it, and that he expected the commission to show him how. "The problems run deep," as he said when he announced the formation of the commission last March, "and will not yield to quick and easy answers. We must identify and eliminate the causes of criminal activity whether they lie in the environment around us or deep in the nature of individual men."

Commissions come cheap in Washington, and most often their reports turn out to be vague and anticlimactic. Nevertheless, at its first meeting the commission on crime displayed an awareness of the scope of the job and a disposition to get on with it that gives promise of unusual productivity in the year and a half it is expected to need to make its final report. For one thing, the nineteen members, headed by Attorney General Katzenbach, eschewed a number of political niceties and moved with heartening speed into substantive matters.

There was explicit acknowledgment, for instance, that the issue of race could have a lot to do with the subject at hand. Everyone has known this for some time, but most public comment has either dismissed the matter or been apologetic, not exploratory. The question of the effect of narcotics on the incidence of street crime was raised so swiftly as to create hope that this newest commission may be the instrument, finally, of dispelling the misconceptions that seem to mark the public's thinking on the matter. The commission will also explore a not utterly unexplored subject—organized crime. The Justice Department's section on organized crime might have had some success in this respect over the past four years, but perhaps this particular branch of crime has suffered from too great an abundance of exposés.

The commission does face a formidable array of passions in high places in the debate over whether the courts do or do not "coddle" criminals, whether police do or do not have a propensity for brutality, and, in general, whether the rights of the accused have now taken precedence over the rights of society as a whole. The President made it clear that the commission must study this vexatious problem of the administration of justice, and Katzenbach has proved willing to get into the controversy. Some bitter conflicts between Supreme Court justices in recent years give evidence of how deep is the division concerning this subject.

It is fairly obvious that the new crime commission will not be able to satisfy everyone. Neither will it be the last commission on the subject. The major hope one can have is that it won't produce the usual bulky, well-indexed, final report to be filed and forgotten until the next one comes around. If the commission can produce some basic, humane ideas, and some system of practical guidance that might at least reverse the growth in the rate of crime, it will be a success even if it doesn't solve a problem that has been with us at least since the time of Cain.

The Law and The Faithful

The Reverend Frederick Reese, president of the Dallas County Voters League, an affiliate of Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, has been charged by officials of Selma, Alabama, with embezzling nearly $2,000 in league funds. News stories of his arrest on July 6, complete with photos of him walking handcuffed into jail, gave the impression that SCLC was somehow implicated in the alleged swindle.

The leaders of SCLC, including King, are backing Reese all the way. But the arrest has cast a shadow over SCLC fund raising; already, there is the possibility that SCLC programs will have to be cut back because of a drop in contributions. Moreover, Selma's civil-rights leaders believe that the Reese case is being prosecuted mainly in order to discredit the movement. Public Safety Director Wilson Baker denies this: "We're interested in seeing that justice is done, irrespective of color, black or white." He and two assistants already have spent a week on the West Coast and another in and around New Jersey zealously gathering evidence. In the process, they have spent perhaps twice the amount of the alleged embezzlement. Their stated purpose is to find persons who made donations to the Voters League in an attempt to prove that Reese mishandled league funds. Whatever their real motive in going after Reese with such a vengeance, supporters of the movement are nagged by the question: Can the charges possibly be true?

Since its inception, in 1957, the SCLC organization has been run from the top down by ministers. Unlike the professionally organized and fiscally expert NAACP and National Urban League, SCLC is long on faith, and short on orderly procedure. Its 280-odd affiliates, like the Dallas County Voters League, are virtually autonomous. Randolph Blackwell, an aide to Dr. King, has said, "Things are done out of expediency that might shock a corporation president. Some leaders might keep funds in their homes because they fear that local white bankers gauge the movement's strength by deposits. No corporation would let a man put money in his sock, but it might happen with us."

All of the top officials of the Dal-

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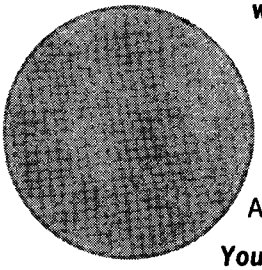

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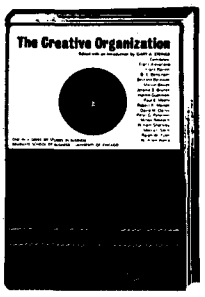

The Creative Organization

GARY A. STEINER, Editor

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las County League, including Reese, a lanky, somber-eyed Baptist minister, were elected two years ago. They were authorized by the league constitution to make fund disbursements as they saw fit. Although a steering committee represented the general membership, there were no real checks on their actions, nor are any figures available on how much money was contributed to the league.

Reese drew no pay as president. He earned about $4,500 a year as a mathematics teacher in Hudson High School, but his continued absences to participate in demonstrations provided the Dallas County Board of Education with a valid reason to fire him at the end of the term in June.

Even with his teaching job, Reese was feeling the pinch from white creditors. "The board of directors met," said one member, "and voted Reese a special fund he could use for his family welfare and to draw on to pay fines for arrested Negro demonstrators. About $8,000. We got the money out of the credit union and gave it to Reese. All this talk about money being misplaced is designed to hurt the movement, that's all." In addition, some checks from contributors were allegedly placed directly in the Reese account in Montgomery. The board of directors neglected for nearly five months to inform the steering committee of the transfer.

Nothing might have come of these unorthodox transactions if it had not been for William Ezra Greer, a forty-one-year-old Negro from the North who claimed, falsely, to have been an SCLC member for five years and a friend of Dr. King's. Reese and the league board permitted Greer to set up an organization called the Selma Emergency Relief Fund (SERF) to collect food and clothing. Until Reese made him stop, Greer used Dr. King's name on his letterhead and collected money in his name on fund-raising expeditions he made periodically along the East Coast.

On June 24, Greer was arrested on morals charges and for cursing in front of minors. (Director Baker says the charges were brought by local Negroes fed up with Greer's presence in the community.) The

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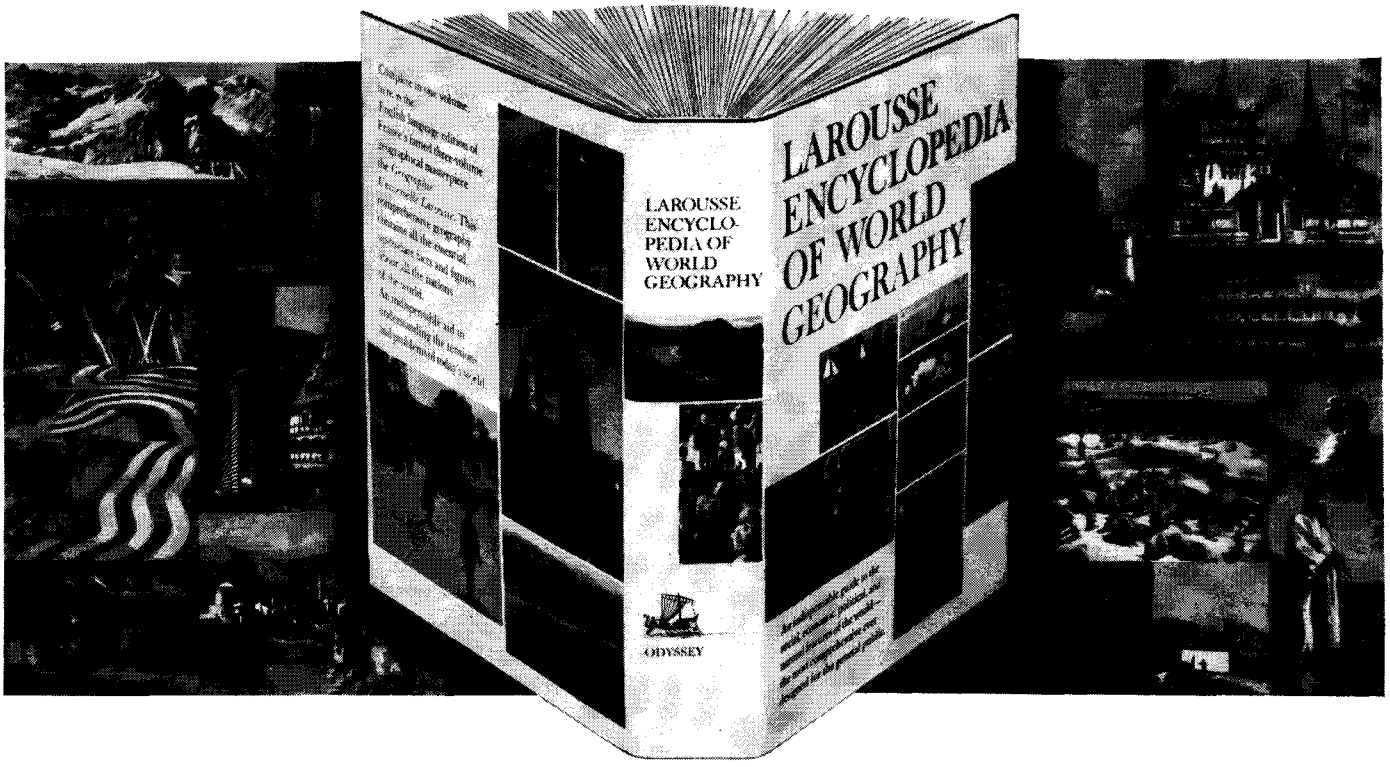

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Dallas County Voters League bailed him out the next day, but he was immediately rearrested on another morals charge brought by an irate Negro father. This time the league did not provide bail, and Greer spent the weekend of June 25-27 in jail.

It was during this weekend that Baker began his investigation of Reese. Greer's bond was reduced, an unusual courtesy to extend to a Negro facing such charges, and he was released from jail.

By July 6, Baker had investigated the tips against Reese that he claimed to have obtained from unidentified members of the SCLC, and arrested Reese. A week later three of the four charges against Greer were allowed to be withdrawn by the complainants; he was convicted of the cursing charge, fined $25, and given a 180-day suspended sentence. Then he was told to get out of town, which he did forthwith.

IF I COULD be assured that for every dollar they say I embezzled, we'd have one more registered Negro voter, all this would be worth it," Reese said when he was released a day later on $5,000 put up by Selma Negroes. "As I was told of the charges, I certainly could not agree with them."

His speech did not precisely address itself to the issue. Later, one SCLC official in Atlanta said that the money transfer was "unusual but acceptable" when placed in its proper context—the need for a Negro community organization to keep its leader free of financial harassments. Although SCLC says it is going to try to tighten up its relationship with its affiliates, it will continue operating primarily on the hope that the money donated will be used where the need is greatest. Selma authorities who have little comprehension of this kind of Negro faith in the movement will pursue their interest in that bank account in Montgomery when Reese is brought to trial, possibly sometime this fall.

Selma Negroes, meanwhile, accept SCLC explanations and pledge solidarity to Reese. They feel that there are laws of black survival not found in Blackstone.

Whistle Blowing in the Dark

No two ways about it: the age of the retrospective revelation is in full swing. Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew has taken the world into his confidence with a story about an operative of the Central Intelligence Agency who offered him a $3-million bribe in 1960, a price—as far as we could make out from the rest of the story—that the prime minister considered insultingly low. From Moscow we are promised chapter and verse on the failings of the world's most famous Harebrained Schemer. The transcript will soon be available of a central committee meeting in which a number of Khrushchev's former confederates performed more or less the same service for him that he once performed for the memory of Joseph Stalin. Even a former U.S. Postmaster General has got into the now-it-can-be-told business with a book complaining of the political pressures that were put upon him when all he was trying to do was deliver the mail. J. Edward Day, who during his Washington term of office was reportedly fighting a losing battle with Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and some White House aides over patronage appointments, has at last chosen to confirm the rumor. "One afternoon I talked to him three times by telephone," Day has written by way of documenting his sorrows, "about a single rural letter carrier who was to be appointed in a small town in Mississippi in which Bobby was intensely interested."

While this sort of thing has always raised interesting questions for moral logicians, such as why there was not protest instead of silence—if not collusion—at the time, it has always been of lesser interest to journalists. Not that they underestimate the value of an aggrieved news source or a loser. On the contrary, journalists spend disproportionate amounts of time trying to get such officials to put a few of their pre-memoir discontents on the record. Most politicians, however, prefer the haven of history.

Can all that be changed? Recently, a New York publishing firm has made a heroic if somewhat sneaky try. The firm was G.P. Putnam's Sons and the subject was Congressional conflict of interest. Who better than a defeated candidate, Putnam's reasoned, to provide a few clues about the private fortunes of the congressman who had defeated him? The result of these probings was likely to be of considerably more than historical interest as well. "We expect to complete our research," as sales director James B. Adler put it in a letter soliciting information from last year's losers, "in time to publish a book on the subject before the 1966 Congressional campaign."

Mr. Adler's letter found its way into the *Congressional Record*, having been forwarded by former Representative Oliver P. Bolton (R., Ohio) to the man who defeated him, Democratic Representative Robert E. Sweeney. And it was hardly a letter calculated to produce serenity on Capitol Hill. "Obviously, it would be awkward," as Mr. Adler put it, "to seek this information from the congressmen themselves . . . we would appreciate any help you can give us in identifying your opponent's outside business interests and law clients. Has he used his position in Congress, in your opinion, to advance these personal interests? Has he performed any special favors for big campaign contributors?"

If Mr. Bolton's reaction is any guide, the project won't get too far. He professed to believe the subject too important to be opened up to the charges of those "who have a partisan or emotional ax to grind." Moreover, Congressman Sweeney himself became extremely nonpartisan in his remarks about Mr. Bolton. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I have said publicly and privately on many occasions that my opponent in the fall election of 1964 is a gifted American with a keen understanding of the issues of our day." On the issue of Congressional conflict of interest, it would seem that the keenest view, in Congressman Sweeney's opinion, is that it should be dealt with "by the Congress itself," since "such an inquiry as undertaken by Putnam's could easily lead to smear attacks." There are details about a man in public life that, like wine, must be given time to age in the cellar of history.

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A deaf girl blows the blocks over—an exercise to help her make the sound "O." Photo: "San Juan Star."

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China's New Leap Forward

THANKS must be rendered to Marshal Lin Piao, the Chinese defense minister, for his long manifesto on the world people's war to destroy the United States. This should be enough to bring an end to the silly season that has been going on for far too long: the public debate on how to negotiate our way out of Vietnam. Unilaterally, by packing up, or contractually? And should we move out of Vietnam, or of the whole of Asia? The President has been taken to task because of his alleged unwillingness to negotiate with Hanoi, then scolded for overinsisting on his willingness, then told that his reiteration made his earnestness questionable. The less said about this whole sorry period the better.

Marshal Lin has cleared the air. The enemy has shown himself to us and to the whole world, saying plainly what he wants, how he intends to get it, and from whom. Communist declarations of irreconcilable hostility to us are frequently called propaganda by those in Washington who are supposed to know. This time, a man of superior knowledge and wisdom, Dean Rusk, reacted immediately. "Some in the Communist world," he declared, "appear to realize the prohibitive costs of nuclear war. Some may not. But the strategy of trying to win control of Asia, Africa, and Latin America—thus encircling and strangling the Atlantic World—is common to all. Their differences—which are important—are about how to get on with their revolution." He added: "I commend the full statement to your reading."

A reading of the full statement is indeed rewarding, particularly since a large part of it, which has not been published in the West, is in exaltation of the leading role of Mao Tse-tung's armies in Japan's defeat. This comes as surprising news to us Americans. Such a lie about yesterday's history augurs well for the history that, according to the marshal, is just ahead. This tendency of Communists to claim other people's deeds and ideas as evidence of their own virtue, with vituperation in lieu of thanks, is brilliantly exhibited in Lin's oversized Maoist *Summa of total Communism*. This totality is to be achieved by a revolution that is called "uninterrupted," an awkward synonym for Trotsky's permanent revolution.

Mao's conquest of China's cities from the rural areas is now seen as a rehearsal for an ultimate global performance. The main weapon for world conquest by China had been blueprinted by Nikita Khrushchev in his speech of January 6, 1961, on the four categories of war, two to be avoided if possible, and two to be actively encouraged. The two pet wars are those of "liberation" from colonialism and of "popular uprisings," as in Cuba. For all his pains, Nikita Khrushchev gets only scorn from his Chinese comrades, who never mention him without the infamous epithet "revisionist," a badge of dishonor he earned because of his reluctance to recognize his American adversary as a paper tiger.

Only once are the "successors to Khrushchev's revisionism" mentioned. But why should the Chinese leaders lash out at the new men in the Kremlin? The lesson these men themselves have inflicted on Khrushchev should be enough to provide them with wisdom. They are not free to develop any degree of reciprocally tolerable coexistence with the United States, for they cannot help siding with their Peking brothers should China get into any serious trouble with our country.

Lin Piao describes in full detail the two successive revolutions that China intends to foment in the "rural areas of the world": the first is national, or rather nationalistic and democratic; the second purely socialist. In the first, all bourgeois and patriotic elements can be used; in the second, they are to be crushed. This is very much what the Maoists did in their own rural areas, when they got the peasants on their side by promising them the land and then took over both the peasants and the land. They are ready to do the same all over the three "rural areas of the world": Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Our resistance and counteraction are to be welcomed, for thus we shall hopelessly fritter away our strength and our resources. Then the cities of the world will be conquered and there will be "lasting or even perpetual peace and happiness." Marshal Lin has offered the world China's peace terms.

THE TIME for an answer to China's chiefs has come, not via Hanoi or through countless self-appointed go-betweens, but directly —Washington to Peking, Lyndon Johnson to Mao Tse-tung. The Chinese, in spite of all their paper-tiger talk, know where power lies, and Lyndon Johnson knows it too, for during his term of office he is its custodian. Until the contrary is proved, it is to be assumed that the Chinese leaders do not want to bring this world to an end. These men must be made to realize that the era of empires is over, and that their plans for conquest of every country on the globe, candidly drawn in Marshal Lin's manifesto, are tommyrot.

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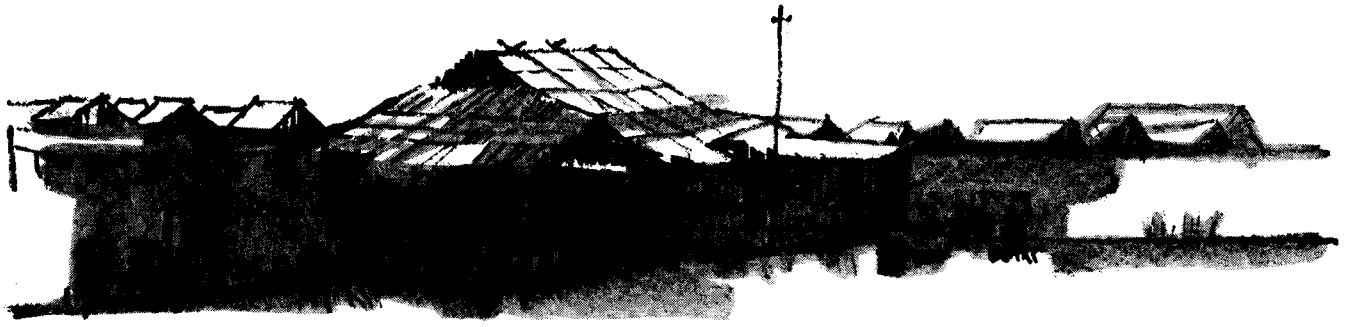

The Peking-Djakarta Axis

DENIS WARNER

MORE THAN a year has passed since President Sukarno delivered the most remarkable and the most important of all his annual August 17 messages. Its title, a mixture of Indonesian and ungrammatical Italian, was "Tahun Vivere Pericoloso," or "A Year of Living Dangerously." The speech itself was bellicose, boastful, bold, and immensely long. It promised to crush Malaysia. It was generally anti-western and, for the first time, specifically anti-American. But above all it was a clear indication that Sukarno had taken a compass bearing on Peking.

No one can accuse Sukarno of failing to live up to the promise of that speech. Perhaps he wielded only a peripheral influence on the decision in Singapore and Kuala Lumpur that tore Malaysia apart only a week before he was due to mount the rostrum for another August 17 address, but nevertheless the victory was his. China in the meantime has become his staunchest ally, the United States by proclamation his deadly foe.

Against this background and rumors of new aggressive steps—a complete diplomatic break with the United States or announcement of a nuclear test (a Chinese bomb with an Indonesian scenario)—Sukarno's latest Independence Day speech, "Reach for the Stars; A Year of Self-Restraint," was anticlimactic. Nonetheless, as one western ambassador put it, "He went as far as he could short of declaring a war to drive the U.S. out of Indonesia."

The few voices in Djakarta counseling caution did not protest against Indonesia's direction but said simply it was not yet a socialist state like China and therefore not ready to copy China in slavish detail. Sukarno's response was equally simple: he set in motion the changes necessary to invalidate their objections. In retrospect, this has been the really significant development of the past twelve months. Crushing Malaysia is not an end but only one of the means to the end. Of much greater importance is the campaign against the United States and its corollary, the development of the Indonesian-Chinese alliance and the rapid breaking down of the barriers to internal Communist control.

THESE CHANGES began quietly with Indonesia's diplomatic recognition of North Vietnam and public support for the Vietcong. They gathered momentum with Indonesia's walkout from the U.N. in January and the joint Chinese-Indonesian venture to make Djakarta the world center of anti-imperialism, with the feverish construction of an immense complex of buildings for CONEFO, the Conference of the New Emerging Forces, next August.

One of Djakarta's shrewdest maneuvers was to exploit the increasing restlessness between General Kong Lae, leader of the Laotian neutralist forces, and the royal government in Vientiane. Following the *coup d'état* that ousted General Phoumi Nosavan, the right wing cooperated fully with Premier Souvanna Phouma, and the continued existence of the neutralist armed forces as a separate logistical entity seemed costly and redundant. Faced with the threat of integration, Kong Lae last March seemed ready to bolt to the Pathet Lao. He was in a receptive frame of mind, therefore, when the Indonesian ambassador at Vientiane made the long, hazardous drive to his headquarters at Fangvieng to invite him to attend the tenth-anniversary celebrations of the Bandung Conference in Djakarta. Here Kong Lae proved equally receptive to the offers of Indonesian aid. Souvanna Phouma learned of his general's deal only in August when an Indonesian Air Force plane loaded with nonmilitary equipment for Kong Lae landed at Vientiane. The plane returned to Djakarta with sixty of Kong Lae's commissioned and noncommissioned officers for a year of military training. They have been joined since by others and there are about 125 of Kong Lae's men in Indonesia. Souvanna Phouma was reported to be extremely angry at first, but he now accepts the deal as a *fait accompli* that cannot cause much harm—a view that

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is not shared by western embassies.

As late as March Dr. Subandrio, deputy premier and foreign minister, told me that Indonesia did not plan a complete diplomatic break with the United States. "We will keep as much of a link as we can," he said. Four months later that intention had been clearly cast aside in the wake of the wild and irresponsible charges against the United States originating in the Merdeka Palace and its environs. The Communist Party predictably called for severance of diplomatic relations with the United States at its forty-fifth anniversary celebrations in May, an occasion marked by a Sukarno speech that concluded, "Communist Party of Indonesia, go ahead, onward, onward, onward, never retreat." Partindo, another of Sukarno's favorite parties, followed in June with a similar resolution.

Thus was the scene set for the arrival of the new American ambassador, Marshall Green, whom Sukarno greeted with a speech in which he said bluntly that U.S.-Indonesian relations were at their lowest point, the fault, of course, resting entirely with the United States. While this lecture was being delivered, two thousand demonstrators, headed by members of the Youth Front, previously told by Police Chief Sutjipto that peaceful coexistence with the Old Established Forces was impossible, gathered in front of the ambassador's residence. According to the official version published in the *Indonesian Herald,* the mouthpiece of the foreign office, the delegation informed the ambassador that "the Indonesian people were firmly united to expel the representative of American imperialist policies in Indonesia as represented by the ambassador, whatever the name of the ambassador." Another interesting item from the same source was that Green had come to "implement the aggressive and dirty policies of Johnson" and was "a leader of the CIA."

Every Peasant a Soldier

With every step away from the United States, Indonesia took a step closer to China. "The unity between the Indonesian and Chinese peoples should be strengthened to such a degree that it could frustrate every attempt made by the imperialists to harm them," Chinese Politburo member Peng Chen, sometimes mentioned as a possible successor to Mao Tse-tung or Chief of State Liu Shao-chi, told Sukarno's Supreme Advisory Council at the beginning of May. Premier Chou En-lai, who preceded Peng Chen to Indonesia, had even more tendentious advice. He told Sukarno that the Indonesian armed forces should become a "people's army" built around a volunteer armed service.

Arms and military training for the workers had long been advocated by D. N. Aidit and other Indonesian Communist leaders. For a time, Sukarno seemed to be swayed by General A. H. Nasution, the de-

fense minister, and other military leaders who argued that the scheme would destroy the precarious balance maintained by the army's guns and the Communists' numbers. More recently, however, Sukarno in a speech to the National Defense Institute endorsed Chou's advice. Consequently, there is now pressure not only for the enrollment of ten to twenty million armed workers, of whom by far the highest proportion would owe allegiance to the Communist Party, but also for the introduction of the commissar system.

In the past, both the navy and army commanders have said publicly that NASAKOM, Sukarno's "guided democracy," is already adequately represented among their present commanders and commanding officers and that they do not need the commissar system. Now, however, they are leaving the burden of the argument to relatively junior officers, who have pointed to the differences in the Chinese and Indonesian political systems and have asked valid questions about where the money is to come from to arm and pay the people's army. None of the principal military leaders now dares to come out openly against the concept of the people's army. General Achmad Jani, the army commander, says it is a natural trend for workers to integrate with members of the armed forces. General Nasution, once the repository of most western hopes for keeping Indonesia out of Communist control, now sees every peasant as a potential soldier.

As for the political opposition, it is being cared for by familiar processes. The moderate Islamic Masjumi Party with its mass following has long been banned, along with Sutan Sjahrir's moderate Socialist Party. In an editorial praising the Communist Party, the *Indonesian Herald* warned its opponents that the Communists' success was due not only to their positive policies but also "to the negative factors of parties and organizations which are engaged in competitive coexistence with the Communist Party." There could have been no plainer hint of a new purge. Early in August, at Sukarno's insistence, seven right-wing and moderate leaders of the Nationalist Party were removed from office and replaced by left-wingers. In both the political and the military fields, Sukarno is clearing the way for the Communist Party: "It is not strange at all that I embrace the PKI" (Indonesian Communist Party), Sukarno now says. "The PKI has all along stood in the forefront in the implementation of the policies of the Indonesian Republic."

A Similarity of Revolutions

At this early stage of China's nuclear development, there is little likelihood that it will go to the unprecedented lengths of presenting Indonesia with a bomb. In other

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fields, however, Chinese-Indonesian collaboration is now close, widespread, and unapologetic, even in political matters. In a speech on July 24, for instance, Minister for National Resources Sudjono said that co-operation in the field of science and technology was a logical process in furthering political and economic co-operation with China: "On the basis of the similarity of our revolutions, Indonesia and China, together with the Afro-Asian and NEFOS [new emerging forces] countries, have decided to eliminate the remnants of imperialism and colonialism from the surface of this world."

With the Indonesian Navy still rocking from a recent mutiny, and with most of the air force's planes grounded because of neglected maintenance, these global ambitions need not be taken seriously. Of more immediate concern to Indonesia's neighbors is the collaboration that has taken place in fomenting new wars of national liberation in what remains of non-Communist Southeast Asia.

After Indonesia walked out of the United Nations last January, Subandrio led a mission to Peking. In addition to co-sponsorship of CONEFO and offers of economic aid, Peking promised military assistance, and, in the event of war over Malaysia, its help in provoking uprisings calculated to embarrass the British and Malaysian forces. The fruits of this agreement are now becoming apparent.

In its issue of July 2 the Peking *Review* published in detail the manifesto of the Malayan National Liberation League. This document is in every way similar to those which Peking published to announce the creation of national liberation fronts in South Vietnam and Thailand. "To all patriotic political parties and organizations opposing Malaysia, whether functioning publicly or secretly, whether in Malaya or overseas, and to all compatriots at home or abroad, the Malayan National Liberation League makes this fervent appeal: . . . Let us crush Malaysia and fight for our country's true independence, democracy, peace, and the reunification of Singapore with the Malay Peninsula." This was no call for simple political action but a call to arms—for all-out support of the Malayan National Liberation Army.

The Malaysians did not have long to wait for the "league" to throw off its wraps. In the Betong salient of southern Thailand, where the Malayan Communist Party has been quietly rebuilding its armed strength, extending its hold on the countryside, and making common cause with the Indonesians, there were two armed clashes with Thai police. In one of them, two Thai policemen, a civilian, and one of the insurgents were killed.

DEVELOPMENTS in Sarawak in northern Borneo, where there is a large and dissident Chinese population, were even more serious. One group of Chinese insurgents overran a police station on a main road eighteen miles from Kuching, the capital, killing four civilians and two policemen, including the brother of the chief minister of Sarawak, while another group seven miles farther along the same road entered four homes and in each shot dead a male member of the family. "No one talked," said a senior police officer who visited the village next day. "No one will speak to the police."

While the Malaysian authorities were moving, perhaps too late, to counter what has now emerged as a potentially dangerous insurgency situation, Sudibjo, secretary-general of Sukarno's National Front, gave a dinner in Djakarta to introduce the Malayan National Liberation League's principal representative in Indonesia, Ibrahim Mohammad, to a group of Indonesian cabinet ministers. "The Malayan people themselves must fight to liberate Malaya from British colonialism," Sudibjo said in his speech of welcome. "The Indonesian people will help them to the best of their ability."

Police investigations in Sarawak have now established that eighty per cent of the villagers where the murders occurred were either active supporters of the Communist underground or under its control. Almost everyone in the area knew what was about to happen, except the police and the victims.

How little the police really knew became apparent when they subsequently decided to "resettle" the inhabitants of this and surrounding villages. Though the estimated population of this area was five thousand, eight thousand fell into their net. No one could account adequately for the extra thousands.

Despite plans to establish a chain of resettlement areas throughout the country, it is obvious now that Sarawak has a major problem, intimately related to but separate from the Indonesian threat to Malaysia. Chinese sympathizers of the Clandestine Communist Organization, the Sarawak branch of the Malayan National Liberation League, are believed to run to many thousands. As early as 1963 a British report warned that sixteen hundred young Chinese men and women had slipped into Sarawak over the Indonesian border. "These young people are highly motivated politically and if they come into the raiding forces the situation will change," the report said. "Products of Chinese education and firmly in the grip of Peking, these people are much more dangerous than the Indonesian raiders."

The Clandestine Communist Organization has established links with the largely Chinese Sarawak United People's Party, which is linked in turn with the Barisan Sosialis Party of Singapore, a Communist front and more than ever a serious rival to Lee Kuan Yew's governing People's Action Party in the now fully sovereign state. It is understandable, therefore, that Peking and Djakarta believe that their collaboration in the southern tier of Southeast Asia is likely to reap a rich harvest.

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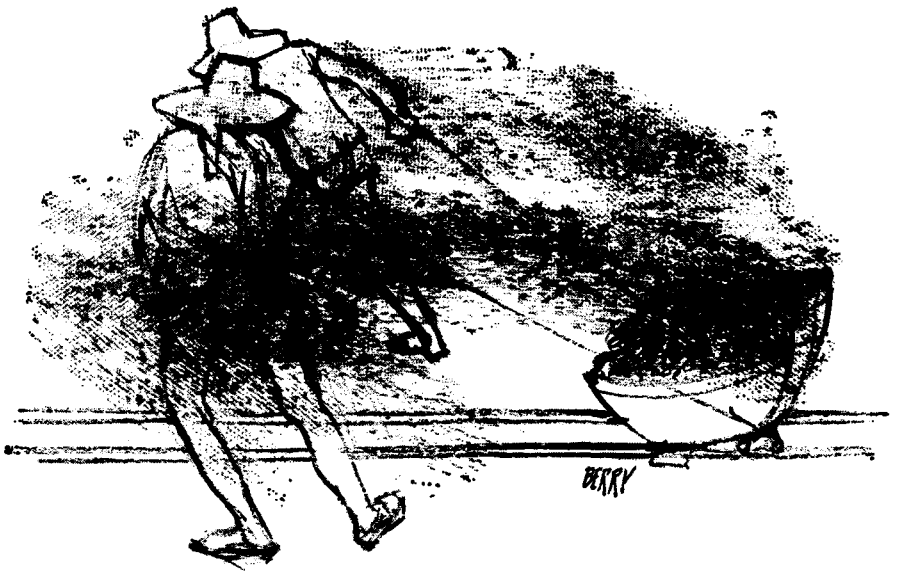

The Political Price Of Japan's China Trade

JERROLD SCHECTER

TOKYO

IN JAPAN, politics is not so much the art of the possible as the practice of what can be made acceptable. Thus, the Japanese have been striving to induce the Chinese Communists to accept their formula of separating trade and politics. On the surface it seems to have worked, for last year Japan was China's third largest trading partner. But basic political differences underlie the $311-million exchange last year between the two countries. They are reflected in conflicts over financing terms, the ban on the sale of strategic materials, and, most important, Japanese trade and credit relations with Formosa—in effect, a two-China policy.

This year, Communist China appears to be ready to maintain a basic trade with Japan of more than $400 million both ways, and it has been permitted to establish a permanent trade mission in Tokyo after giving up its earlier demand that the mission be allowed to fly the Communist Chinese flag. But the Chinese are also determined to use trade with Japan to their own political advantage. As the leader of the struggle against American "imperialists," the Chinese can hardly afford too friendly an attitude toward Japan, which relies on the United States for military security. More immediately, the Chinese hard line against negotiations in Vietnam serves to strengthen Peking's determination to show the Japanese that the attempt to separate trade from Asian politics is unrealistic.

Communist China's long-range strategy is to achieve diplomatic recognition by Japan and the end of Japan's two-China trade policy. The tactics are indirect. Ostensibly they are based on trading considerations, but a close analysis shows political as well as economic motivation.

The Yoshida Letter

A recent example of China's approach was its cancellation of contracts for a $30-million vinylon (synthetic textile) plant on May 1 and for a freighter ordered earlier this year. The reason given was that the Japanese government would not approve the use of low-interest funds from Japan's Import-Export Bank to finance these purchases.

Behind the refusal to approve the loans is a series of events that go back to 1962. In that year, the Kurashiki Rayon Company negotiated the sale of a $20-million vinylon plant to China and later obtained Import-Export Bank financing for it. When it learned of the deal, the Nationalist Chinese government immediately lodged a strong protest. To mollify the Nationalists, the Japanese worked out an unofficial compromise. Former Premier Shigeru Yoshida, with the tacit agreement of the late Premier Hayato Ikeda, sent a personal letter to President Chiang Kai-shek in which he reportedly promised that Japan would withhold approval of Import-Export Bank financing for private trade deals with Communist China. The Yoshida letter has never been made public but its contents are widely discussed. When Eisaku Sato succeeded Ikeda as premier last November, he cast doubts on the letter and has since tried to convince the Chinese Communists that his government is not bound by Yoshida's unofficial pledge. But the Japanese also have stressed that the Chinese Communists have nothing to say about whether the Import-Export Bank will grant loans and that each negotiation will be viewed by the bank on its individual merits.

The matter was discussed in Djakarta at the tenth-anniversary celebration of the Bandung Conference last April when Shojiro Kawashima, vice-president of the Liberal-Democratic Party and head of the Japanese delegation, conferred with Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. It was the first time in years that high-ranking Japanese and Chinese leaders had had a private exchange of views, and it confirmed that Peking would accept nothing less than a formal and public repudiation of the Yoshida letter. Chou was not even receptive to the proposal that Chinese and Japanese diplomats meet regularly in Switzerland. The initial Chinese reaction to the talks was to label as "a swindle" Kawashima's private assurances that the Yoshida letter was not binding.

Tactically, politics is in command of China's trade policy with Japan when that trade requires large capital outlays and is in areas where Japan is forced to be competitive

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with Europe, notably in plant construction and process development. Both the canceled vinylon plant and the freighter could just as well be purchased in Europe, and their priority was low. But the Chinese order last year for $20 million worth of earth-moving equipment from the Komatsu Manufacturing Company was handled on normal commercial terms because the Chinese had a high-priority requirement for this equipment.

EVER SINCE the Communist takeover of the mainland, trade between China and Japan has followed a consistent pattern of stormy political recrimination followed by an abrupt decline, then a thaw, reconciliation, improvement of political relations, and expansion. Trade between China and Japan began on a barter basis and built up slowly from $59 million in 1950 to $151 million in 1956, when it totaled 2.6 per cent of Japan's total foreign trade.

The fourth trade agreement had just been signed in 1958 when a young Japanese pulled down and stamped on a Chinese Communist flag at an exhibition in Nagasaki. Peking used the incident to break off trade relations with the government of Premier Nobusuke Kishi. The suspension of trade with Japan included not only the fourth trade agreement but also contracts with Japanese firms for $300 million in steel and a $30-million fertilizer contract.

Trade between the two countries then dropped to less than $25 million both ways, and it was not until late in 1960, when the Chinese named fifty so-called "friendly companies," that trade began to pick up. The friendly-company formula was a Chinese device to buy only from companies that had backed Chinese political policies and had urged recognition of China by Japan. The companies designated by Peking included firms that had traditionally been involved in dealings with the mainland, as well as newly created dummy corporations that were formed by the major trading companies to avoid antagonizing their big American customers. Thus, Mitsubishi, Mitsui, and Sumitomo sent their men with China-trade experience off to form ostensibly independent companies to gain a piece of the China market. The friendly companies were expected to issue periodic statements supporting Chinese policy, and some gave contributions to the Japanese Communist Party as well as to Japan-China friendship groups. Peking had reversed its position, taken in 1958, that trade between Japan and China must be conducted on a government-to-government basis—hence eliminating the question of diplomatic recognition—and settled for the face-saving formula of friendly companies. Under this system, trade increased from $23.4 million both ways in 1960 to $47.5 million in 1961 and $84.5 million in 1962.

Chinese First, Reds Second

But the friendly-company device proved cumbersome for expanding trade. Also, those were hard years on the mainland. The winter of 1960-1961 was a period of severe food shortages in China. Racked with internal problems created by the failure of the Great Leap Forward, the Chinese were in no position to expand their trade. By 1962, with a measure of recovery and the deepening of the Sino-Soviet dispute, the Chinese changed their trade pattern. Seeking alternative sources to Soviet supply, they signed the Liao-Takasaki agreement, a private trade pact with Japan. This agreement between Liao Cheng-chih, president of the China-Japan Friendship Association, and the late Tatsunosuke Takasaki, a prominent Liberal-Democrat, called for two-way trade between mainland China and Japan of $1 billion between 1963 and 1967. Although the agreement was strictly private, it served as a device to bridge relations between Japan and Communist China and to provide a basis for future diplomatic recognition.

The most influential group in Japan pushing increased China trade is the pro-Chinese wing of the ruling Japanese conservative party, the Liberal-Democratic Party (LDP). This group, led by eighty-one-year-old Kenzo Matsumura, has urged Premier Sato to offer himself as mediator between the United States and mainland China. Matsumura arranged the recent exchange of Japanese and Chinese journalists and protested to Sato when the government refused to let Mayor Peng Chen of Peking attend the Japanese Communist Party convention last November. Like some others in the party, Matsumura argues that the Chinese are Chinese first and Communists second, and through trade can be won away from their advocacy of struggle and revolution.

Another vigorous proponent of trade with China is Kaheita Okasaki, a former government bank official in China and president of All Nippon Airways, the second biggest airline in Japan. He assisted in the drafting of the Liao-Takasaki agreement, and when Takasaki died last year, he took over as the head of the group pushing Japanese-Chinese trade. As Okasaki explains his view, "In the past fifty years, Japan and China fought each other. But the sense of brotherhood between the two races was not entirely lost. In association with each other, the two races can understand many things without going through the processes of explanation. This is an advantage in trade transactions."

Because of this ethnic and cultural affinity, many Japanese feel that their country can best play the role of mediator between Communist China and the West. Premier Sato and a dominant wing in the foreign ministry, however, regard the present Communist leadership as basically incompatible with a democratic Japan. Even though they are willing to improve relations with China, Peking is insisting on nothing less than complete acceptance of its régime and Sato is not about to abandon Chiang Kai-shek. Among other things, Japan is grateful for Chiang's lack of vindictiveness at the close of the war in the Pacific, and Formosans who lived under Japanese colonial rule from 1895 to 1945 are favorably inclined toward Japan. But more to the point, there is an important trade flow between Nationalist China and Japan, which in 1964 amounted to $278 million, and Japan ranks second to the United States as an investor on Formosa. Although the prospect has not been raised since the end of the war, when Chiang Kai-shek rejected a $56-billion reparation plan, there is

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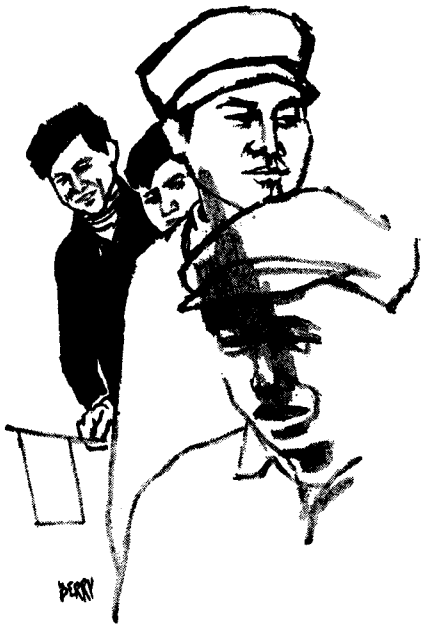
always the possibility that if Chinese-Japanese relations are resumed, the reparations issue will be revived.

JAPANESE businessmen, however, see long-range market potentials in China's 700 millions, and they are determined to make their bid now, before the Europeans, Australians, and Canadians push them aside. Japanese economists are fond of projecting the Chinese Communist steel market on the basis of Japan's current steel use of 150 pounds per capita. This works out to an annual consumption of fifty million tons as against the current estimated Chinese production of about eight million tons. The Chinese chemical-fertilizer market is also alluring to the Japanese. China's nitrogenous fertilizer production is estimated about two million tons annually; twenty-five to thirty-five million tons would be required to achieve only a fifth of what Japan uses per acre. As one Japanese trading-company expert told me, "The market is potentially too big to be ignored."

Japanese traders smile and swallow hard when asked about joint ventures with the Chinese. "It's too early," they reply guardedly, but that is clearly their long-range design. The Japanese who view the Chinese Communists as Chinese first and Communists second are willing to undergo the painful, frustrating, and often infuriating process of trading with China today because they anticipate, mostly as a matter of faith, that Peking will eventually become more moderate both in politics and in foreign trade.

But right now, trade with China can be trying and unprofitable. Describing his experience in Peking last year, Tadao Morimoto, the export section chief for the Toyo Rayon Company, said that the Chinese always reject initial offers as "outlandish and unfriendly." But Morimoto advises his fellow Red China traders not to worry: "This simply means that business talks have gotten under way." Negotiations begin with a ritualized set piece that goes like this: "We Chinese are well aware of the fact that you Japanese people are living under complex political conditions. Your country is presently under the rule of American imperialism. Formosa, which is part of China, is also under the rule of American imperialism. Therefore American imperialism is a common enemy for the peoples of Japan and China. We Chinese people are sympathetic with the Japanese people's struggle against imperialism, and we are supporting your people in their struggle. We are convinced that some day you will succeed in liberating yourselves from American imperialism, because we Chinese believe in the power of the Japanese people. We are certain that victory will be ours once we people in China and Japan deepen mutual friendship and become unified in our struggle against our common enemy. In closing, we must say that we are sincerely hopeful that friendly business will develop between us."

But both the Chinese and Japanese are pragmatists, and neither the Chinese nor the friendly firms let politics interfere with hard bargaining. However, since Chinese business negotiators in Peking are required to attend political indoctrination and study sessions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, these days are excluded from negotiations.



Steel and Soy Beans

The Japanese have become more critical of the Chinese economy. Chinese quality remains a problem. In the crucial area of iron ore, the Chinese insist on selling ore of only fifty-eight per cent purity, while the Japanese, because of their sophisticated steelmaking requirements, need high-quality ore. Because of their own efforts to increase steel production, the Chinese do not want to sell high-quality ore but rather are concentrating on coal shipments. The latest round of negotiations under the Liao-Takasaki agreement principally involves shipments of Japanese finished steel in exchange for coal and ore, and Japanese fertilizer for Chinese soy beans and other agricultural raw materials. Purchases of heavy machinery are expected to increase in private trade with the friendly companies.

Japan's trade pattern with China poses the basic question of China's ability to pay and to increase its purchases. Thus far the Chinese have been prompt in their payments and have conducted trade on a normal commercial basis in sterling. However, the sterling payments are irksome to Japanese traders. One of the reasons many of them would like to see relations improve between China and the United States is that trade between China and Japan could be settled in dollars. Japanese traders are now seeking "guarantee clauses" against a devaluation of the pound in their contracts. Japan's trade with China in 1964 accounted for about ten per cent of China's total foreign trade, estimated at about $3 billion. The traditional Japanese market for cheap consumer sundries and textiles in China is gone; in fact, the Chinese are even competing with the Japanese for the Southeast Asian market for such goods.

China's foreign-trade policy now is aimed at diversification and an end to dependence on the Soviet Union. But it is also a cautious policy. Foreign trade is not expected to expand greatly in the next year or two despite the recent claim by Premier Chou En-lai that "The task of readjusting the national economy has been basically accomplished." Trade between China and Japan is not likely to expand greatly beyond the $500-million level in the next year or two. Still the Chinese can be expected to continue to combine trade and politics and make it as difficult as possible for Japan to follow its stated principle of separating the two.

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Why China Leaves Hong Kong Alone

DONALD KIRK

HONG KONG

WHILE Chinese leaders and their press regularly excoriate the United States for supporting Nationalist China, South Korea, and South Vietnam, they do not ordinarily refer officially to Hong Kong's position as one of Britain's last colonial holdings. Their recent protest to the British, elicited by the crash in August of a U.S. Marine plane with seventy-one on board, was the first of its kind for more than a year. In July, the Hong Kong *Evening News*, a pro-Communist Chinese newspaper, reported that Premier Chou En-lai was loudly applauded at a reception in Canton for referring to the time when "Hong Kong will revert to China." But Chen Yi, China's foreign minister, interrupted the applause with this statement: "Actually the question of Hong Kong is no longer a problem. It's just as well we leave it alone for a longer time."

Peking's protest is less meaningful to Britain than Chen's remarks, for, far from being a problem, Hong Kong is Communist China's biggest economic asset. China's export trade to Hong Kong last year was $345 million and is considerably more this year. China's net profit last year, after deducting its minimal imports from the colony, was $335 million—approximately half the foreign exchange that it needs to make a dent in the world market and enough to pay for its wheat imports from Australia and Canada.

The Soviet Union was the first to recognize the capital that China was making of Hong Kong. Two years ago the Soviet leaders and press needled China for tolerating colonial outposts such as Hong Kong and the Portuguese province of Macao on its doorstep. Peking replied with reminders of "unequal" treaties made by the czars for parts of Sinkiang and other Chinese holdings. Underlying Soviet criticism was the phenomenon of China's rapidly declining exports to Russia and its increasing sales to Hong Kong. China's exports to the Soviet Union last year are estimated at $335 million, a decrease of $80 million from the year before and $765 million below the record high of $1.1 billion in 1959. China's exports to Hong Kong have doubled in the past five years—a period in which the population has risen from 3.1 to 3.8 million. The colony probably has by now replaced the Soviet Union as China's leading customer.

Red Hand On the Faucet

The contrast in Hong Kong between China's economic approach and that of the western nations is striking. Whereas China accounted for nearly a quarter of the colony's imports, the United States bought twenty-two per cent of its exports, trading at a deficit of $51 million in 1964. The British deficit was more than $30 million and West Germany's was $10 million.

The United States spent the largest single portion of its $223-million outlay in 1964 on clothing—some $75.6 million, an amount second only to British purchases for clothing. American business also paid astonishing sums for plastic flowers and toys—$40 million and $21.9 million respectively—and bought $8.7 million worth of transistor radios and flashlights alone.

In addition, some 364,000 foreign visitors—not counting servicemen—spent $120 million in Hong Kong last year on virtually everything from yachts to jade. Predictably, the ubiquitous American tourists purchased the lion's share, with some 113,000 of them—nine per cent more than the previous year—pouring $40 million into the colony. Another 156,000 American servicemen on leave, mostly sailors, spent an estimated $10 million here. (A vessel from the Seventh Fleet is always anchored in Hong Kong Harbor several hundred yards from the colony's dollar-hungry Suzy Wong district.)

American officials deny the importance of the relationship between the amount that the western nations spend in Hong Kong and the foreign exchange that China makes from the colony. They point out that American law requires certificates of origin for all products that might conceivably have been made in China or with Chinese materials before they can be shipped to the United States. And American firms are forbidden to deal with merchants who re-export goods to China.

No one can deny, however, that Hong Kong makes its money from the West, notably the United States, and then gives it to China in return for the necessities of life—food, water, and textiles for clothing. While Hong Kong grows a small portion of its own food and imports limited amounts from such countries as Thailand and Burma, China's proximity makes it the logical source of most of its needs. The colony imported more than $175 million in foodstuffs from China last year and nearly $94 million in the first six months of this year. Most important among them were live animals, fruit and vegetables, cereals, fish, dairy products, and sugar. But the most dramatic indication of Hong Kong's dependence on China was the agreement, effective last March, whereby China provides the colony with fifteen billion gallons of water a year, thirty per cent of its supply, at a cost of nearly $2.8 million.

Hong Kong also depends on China for textiles, mainly cotton, and for ready-made clothing. The $70 million that Hong Kong's merchants spent last year on Chinese textiles is a second only to the $95 million they paid for Japanese cloth. H. S. Yu, manager of the textile department at China Resources Company, the Chinese Communist firm that supplies Hong Kong with its goods from China, explained his country's outlook toward salesmanship in the colony. "Our quality and variety are increasing every year," he said. Then, denying that China sold below the prevailing rates, he added, "Our prices are according to the market position in Hong Kong." He also noted that Chinese textiles and other products,

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such as footwear and furniture, are re-exported from Hong Kong in fairly large quantities to Malaysia, the Philippines, and Thailand—nations with which China has no formal relations.

The Resourceful Chinese

Hong Kong's Chinese Communist department stores cater mainly to Chinese residents, with their prices distinctly lower than at the large stores that serve American, British, and other well-to-do customers.

Although China does not publicize it, Hong Kong in reality serves as a test market. In its effort to keep up with the competition from Japan and the West, China has introduced western-style innovations such as piped background music in its largest Hong Kong department store and the "Spearmint" toothpaste, labeled in imitation of an American chewing gum, on sale in its Hong Kong drugstores.

China Resources, which occupies four floors and has a large showroom in the huge Bank of China Building, conducts all its business here through wholesale merchants. They in turn deal with several thousand local trading associations and companies, most of them members of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. The Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce, run by British interests, has only seven hundred members. "Hong Kong may have the British flag above it; that's the end of our say here," said an official of the department of commerce and industry. "We are only responsible for law and order."

In its drive for foreign exchange, China imports only those products from Hong Kong which it absolutely needs, such as synthetic fibers and certain woven textiles, China's campaign for economic self-reliance forbids the importation, even in small quantities, of such Hong Kong fripperies as plastic toys. For machinery and other products that it may not produce so readily at home, China prefers to trade directly with Great Britain, Japan, and the Communist and nonaligned countries. While western tourists stop here to buy items they could just as well either do without or purchase at home, the lean Chinese come here for business and they mean business.

Uhuru Comes to the Senate

MEG GREENFIELD

To students of the Senate and its elephantine ways, this autumn's flood of newsprint apportioning praise, not blame, must come as both a novelty and a relief. The education bill passed in the Senate without a single change. There was something almost offhand about the way in which cloture was invoked to gain passage of the voting-rights bill. And the administration's principal worry over Medicare in the Senate was that an exuberant majority would overload the bill with benefits. "Congress Pushes Major Bills," the *Congressional Quarterly* declared in a headline that once would have read like a typesetter's hoax, "Balks at Economy Moves."

Of all the circumstances that have combined to create this state of affairs, none has been more important than the progressive deterioration of that system of relationships known as the Senate Club. Thus far its consequences have worked to the administration's advantage. But whether they will do so in the future depends upon the outcome of a number of scuffles now under way within the Senate to pick up power where the Club left off. For even though the maneuvering is taking place within the ranks of those generally described as liberal Democrats (the Senate's biggest potential bloc at the present time), a good part of its impetus is a growing dissatisfaction with the limited role a Democratic senator can play both within the huge majority and in relation to a Democratic administration.

Can such discontent be converted into an effort to assert Congressional independence of the administration? Who will organize such an effort, and how—short of opposition and obstruction—can it be done? It would be premature to suggest that the Senate is ripe for a study along Project Camelot lines, but to the senators themselves, these questions

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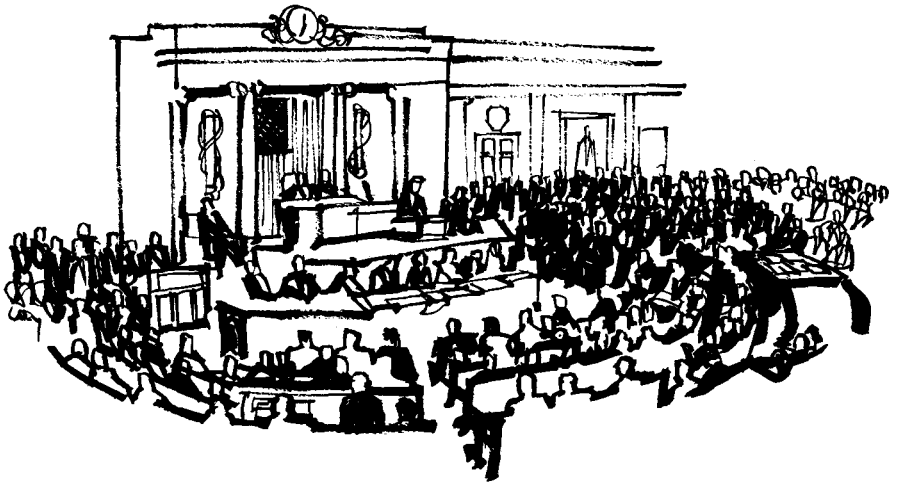
appear to be at least as interesting at the moment as the legislative record they have produced.

Theoretically, it is true, Southerners plus Republicans continue to constitute a formidable bloc of their own, and Southern Democrats retain nominal control of most of the major committees. But the Senate Club, in recent years, had long since ceased to be a simple instrument of Southern-Republican collaboration. Its ranks included such unlike-minded men as Richard B. Russell, Hubert H. Humphrey, Robert S. Kerr, John O. Pastore, and Leverett Saltonstall, and it had come to function as a sort of senate within the Senate, a prior testing ground for legislative struggles and solutions that was dominated by the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition but of which, nonetheless, that coalition was only a part. It was Lyndon Johnson's understanding of the resources and limitations of the various participants in this process that helped avoid total Senate stalemate in the late 1950's. But with the new imbalance of forces in the Senate, the Club's assent is no longer a prerequisite of Senate action.

What remains of the old arrangements is a greatly depleted coalition which, although it is still capable of occasional shows of strength, has lost both its multiple hold over the instruments of Senate power and much of its freedom of maneuver. Some chairmen, such as the Judiciary Committee's James O. Eastland of Mississippi, preside over runaway committees in which they and their friends are frequently outnumbered. Nor is there much they can do about it. Even though the Democratic Steering Committee, which makes committee assignments, is heavily weighted with Southerners, they are running out of candidates. When the death of Olin Johnston of South Carolina created a vacancy on the Judiciary Committee, which considers civil-rights legislation, it was promptly filled by Senator George A. Smathers (D., Florida), but only at the price of Smathers's giving up his seat on the Foreign Relations Committee. Again, there have been the inroads of age and illness. Both Chairman Harry F. Byrd of the Finance Committee and Senator Russell, who formerly ran the Appropriations and Armed Services Committees, have perceptibly withdrawn from the center of Senate affairs. Thus, while certain notable enclaves of Southern power remain, the interconnections that once gave them the character of an inescapable network have broken down—interconnections that also used to exist with an ascendant coalition in the House and with a more single-minded Republican Party in Congress than that now ministered to by Minority Leaders Dirksen and Ford.



Even where they still preponderate, the Southerners and their confirmed allies have declined to use their considerable power in a senseless or vindictive way. Appropriations have been forthcoming with remarkable ease this year, for example; and Senate students can think of countless parliamentary tactics that Eastland might have but did not employ to impede the displeasing actions of his committee. All this has been remarked by one Northern leader as part of the "astonishing silence of the South." Variously, the 1964 elections appear to have persuaded, pressured, and/or frightened the Senate's old guard. There were, for example, fifteen switches to Medicare this year by senators who had opposed it as recently as the fall of 1964.

The devastation of Goldwater at the polls, the continuing rise in Negro voter registration, the intensified lobbying efforts of the clergy, labor, and the "senior citizens" groups—all these are elements that have managed to disrupt the Senate's old voting patterns and to circumscribe the freedom of both the Southerners and their partners from the West, the Midwest, and the North. Where indifferent Republicans once felt free to lend their support to the anti-civil-rights filibuster (thereby making it unbreakable), they no longer do. And where a Senate leader such as Georgia's Russell once was free to devote his entire energies to the intricate inner workings of the Senate, he is now almost wholly distracted by the exigencies of a primary challenge he faces at home next year. Such uncertainties have combined with the ravages of age, illness, defections, and election defeats to one effect: a loss of the power to punish and reward. What has broken down with the Club is not just an ideological center but also the Senate's system of discipline.

An Excess of Tenderness

The closest thing to a replacement at the moment is what might be called the Mansfield-Dirksen middle, an alliance based upon friendship, convenience, frequent accord on the issues, and the President's apparent desire to embellish his Senate victories with Republican support. Recent sessions of the Senate have seen a marked decline in legislation named for individual senators and a proliferation of the "Mansfield-Dirksen substitute"—a measure generally formulated in such a way as to hold the Northern Democrats while also attracting a dozen or more of Senator Dirksen's troops. The Minority Leader, who early in the Kennedy years reversed himself on a number of foreign-policy issues and gave Kennedy often decisive support, has been even more obliging to Lyndon Johnson. In the past two years he has acquiesced in such important domestic legislation as aid to primary and secondary edu-

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cation, the 1964 tax cut, and the Appalachia and civil-rights bills.

The extent to which any or all of these measures have been trimmed or disfigured to meet Senator Dirksen's specifications is a matter of some dispute on the Hill. But it is indisputable that a growing number of Northern Democrats have begun to resent the tender loving care with which Dirksen is treated by both the administration and the Majority Leader. They express the view that Dirksen's co-operation is not required these days, given the size of the majority, a position that many of them maintained even during the negotiations over the voting-rights bill, which required a two-thirds vote against possible filibuster. To be sure, at the time of the voting-rights bill, the Northerners were severely provoked—at least on grounds of protocol. In an attempt to gain prior consensus, as it is known, Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach made a visit to Dirksen's fabled back room not only before the administration had even drawn up a bill but also before he had consulted with Majority Leader Mansfield. Though Mansfield is said to have been somewhat jarred by this particular episode, his loyalty to Dirksen has proved abiding. "I could not have a better partner on the floor," he told me recently in one of those statements that enrage some members of his flock who prefer to think of Mansfield and Dirksen as political opponents.

For all its apparent similarity to the consensus-minded Club, however, the Mansfield-Dirksen coalition is different in one vital respect: more often than not its decisions and its will are enforced from outside the Senate, the administration having taken over the job. Far from attempting to impose an internal discipline, Mansfield has been a uniquely permissive party leader. He has been as generous with the Democrats as he has been with the Minority Leader, and evidently tends to see his role as that of referee rather than contender. One of the few things that can cause him to lose his temper on the floor is a charge that he has been unfair when, in fact, he has usually been fair and patient well in excess of his own interest. Sometimes, when he is standing by his desk, impassively absorbing the barbs of his perennial critic Senator Wayne Morse (D., Oregon), one can look at Mansfield and only see Saint Sebastian.

Not only has Mansfield declined to punish, he has deliberately undercut his own capacity to reward. Before the reign of Mansfield, for example, Democratic senators are said to have known that the measure of their support of the Majority Leader's program would have something to do with the size of the contribution they received from the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. Reportedly one of Mansfield's earlier acts as Majority Leader was to urge that the contributions be standardized. Again, at a caucus early in the session, he made it plain that he set no store by the "myth" that freshman senators ought to be silent and yield to the prerogatives of seniority. The freshmen appear to have taken him at his word. They were instrumental in blocking the Mansfield-favored reapportionment amendment both in committee and on the floor, and under the leadership of Senator Edward M. Kennedy (D., Massachusetts) they gave Mansfield one of his closest calls of the session: the narrowly defeated effort to append the so-called poll-tax amendment to the voting-rights bill.

Whipmanship

When Vice President Humphrey was serving as Majority Whip, it did not matter so much that Mansfield favored a gentle and somewhat detached approach as leader or that he frequently parted ways with a Democratic administration. Humphrey was that part of the leadership which functioned as the administration's Senate spokesman and broker, its vote counter, its intelligence gatherer, and on occasion its strong man too. In addition, he somehow managed to remain the leader of the Senate liberals—the transmitter of their views to the White House. Few of these functions have been taken over by his successor, Senator Russell B. Long of Louisiana, and Mansfield's refusal to indicate a preference for his assistant in the hotly contested election for Whip last winter may be one act of magnanimity that he regrets. There appears to be little love lost between the two men since they fell out early in the session over Long's refusal to let Mansfield enlarge the Finance Committee, which is more or less run by Long. Administration officials claim in Long's behalf that he has been very effective on the Hill as their manager of Finance Committee business, including Medicare, which he opposed last year. At the same time, as one colleague has put it, "Long represents no fixed point in the leadership." He has emerged as a separate and somewhat erratic power, and such counting and temperature taking as the leadership undertakes seems to originate in Mansfield's overworked office. One reason, Mansfield admits, that the poll-tax amendment nearly got out of hand was that its sponsors had been canvassing support for five days before he knew what was going on.

In many ways Vice President Humphrey (and through him the administration) continues to do the Whip's work from a tiny office behind the Senate chamber. But he has been obliged to proceed with a rare combination of toughness and discretion. True, the Senate's new Democratic breed does not appear to give anywhere near the same-sized fig for Senatorial prerogatives that its predecessors did; nevertheless, there is always the possibility of an uproar over Executive encroachment such as that which greeted Vice President Johnson's attempt to participate in the leadership a few years ago. Then there is Humphrey's own reputation. When, at Mansfield's request, he attempted to mediate a supporters' quarrel over what should be in the voting-rights bill and went on to work the Justice Department's will in trying to defeat the Kennedy poll-tax amendment, his private lobbyings quickly—if not too mysteriously—found their way into the press, characterized as a "sellout."

The Dirksen reapportionment amendment presented Humphrey and the administration with an even knottier problem since Mansfield was supporting Dirksen, and the administration was more or less honor bound to keep out of the Senate battle. The putative leaders of the fight against Dirksen were Senators Paul H. Douglas (D., Illinois) and Jo-

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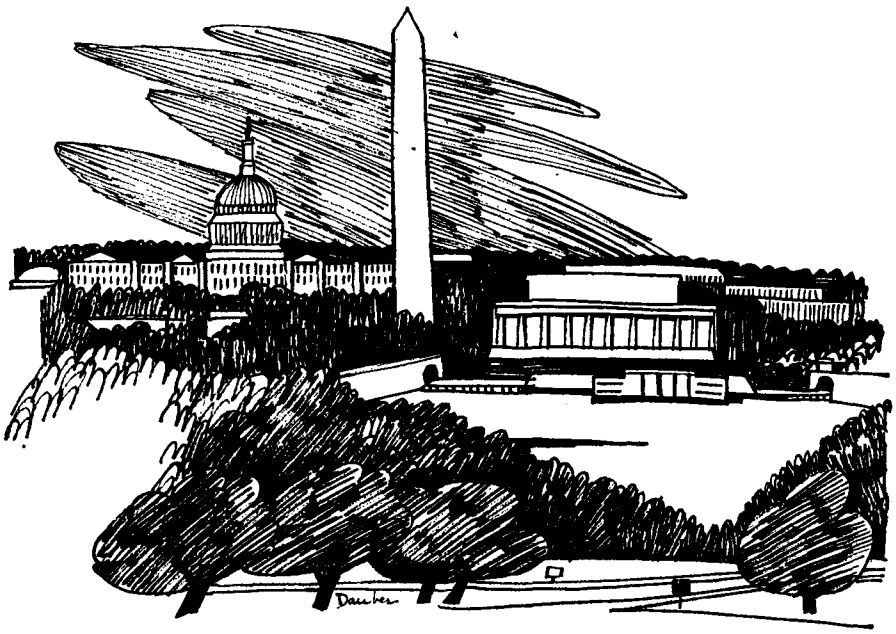
seph D. Tydings (D., Maryland), who, along with a caucus of Judiciary Committee members, conducted an impressive operation and one which brought fierce labor pressure to bear on some of their wavering colleagues. Still, administration help was needed, and it was no secret to reporters on the scene (nor to Dirksen for that matter) that the Douglas-Tydings group's lists of possible supporters were privately delivered to Humphrey for final judgment as to whether the necessary blocking third looked hard. It was also known that Humphrey had personally engaged in turning certain senators around.

For all his manipulations, however, Humphrey remains an agent of the administration. The role he is playing successfully, like the role the President is playing much farther from public view, only highlights the Senate's internal disarray. It has become a place of separate dukedoms striving against one another, of forming and ever-reforming temporary alliances. And in its present state of atomization, it is full of political opportunities.

Where the Power Is

When Smathers decided to depart from the Foreign Relations Committee, a flap was created by remarks attributed to him to the effect that the once highly respected committee no longer counted for much in the Senate or in the deliberations of the Executive branch. Later Smathers wrote and circulated a letter to Chairman J. William Fulbright describing Foreign Relations as "one of the great committees" and the decision to leave it as one of the most difficult "of my life." But many of his colleagues—including, it is believed, Fulbright—were of the opinion that he may have been right the first time. More faithfully than any other committee, Foreign Relations mirrors the general state of the Senate. Fulbright, who early in the session expressed forthright views on how foreign aid would be handled this year, was overridden by a committee majority mobilized by Senator Morse. When Fulbright engineered a cut in military assistance to Vietnam, heat from the administration reversed the committee. Exactly what authority does Fulbright



have? Majority Leader Mansfield, in his way, has given one answer: he did not even bother to consult Fulbright or inform him before announcing his decision to shelve the consular treaty with the Soviet Union this year.

By contrast, the influence of Senator John C. Stennis (D., Mississippi), who presides over the Armed Services Preparedness subcommittee and has inherited the full committee in Richard Russell's absence, has grown. The reason for the difference between the positions of Stennis and Fulbright is fairly simple. Stennis's power to propel and restrain the administration proceeds in large part from the inner discipline and cohesion of the committees he chairs. And the principle may be extended to the Senate as a whole. If the preponderantly liberal majority is to acquire a voice equal to that the Club once enjoyed in the affairs of a series of administrations, it must first acquire the power to deliver and withhold. That power is based upon a mobilization of strength within the Senate itself, which in turn derives from at least a degree of common purpose.

Anyone who has considered the sum of this session's legislative effort will be struck by one main purpose the Democratic majority seems to share, namely, expanding the administration's domestic spending programs and resisting its budget-minded or revenue-producing moves. Whether this amounts to policy, however, let alone to some sort of measure of liberalism, is another question. There were pronounced pork-barrel aspects to some of these moves, and often (as in the expansion of Medicare) one found senators such as Paul Douglas and Eugene J. McCarthy (D., Minnesota) urging and voting for restraint, while ordinarily tight-fisted Republicans appeared to be going along for the fun.

THE DEPTH of the disagreement and confusion within the liberal group over its own proper motivations and objectives was apparent in the lucubrations that attended the selection of Long as Whip. Long was both praised as an "economic Populist" and denounced as a right-wing stooge of oil and insurance interests, much as his opponent for the post, John Pastore of Rhode Island, was characterized by some of his colleagues as far more liberal than Long and by others as a tool of the Establishment. On the one side, it was argued that Long had helped the liberals fight the communications-satellite "giveaway," while Pastore had bent his efforts in support of that bill. On the other, it was observed that Long had opposed Medicare, the test-ban treaty, and the civil-rights bill—all of which Pastore had fought for. The search for definitions and common denominators, intricate as it was at that time, is likely to become even more so with the finishing up of so much

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of the Senate's old business and the introduction of measures dealing with new and as yet uncharted issues.

Even so, a few patterns are already fairly clear. One element in Long's success was the support he received from some relatively newly elected Democratic senators from Midwestern and Rocky Mountain states. Their existence in large numbers in the Senate is a recent phenomenon. On matters of foreign policy, many of them are more or less perpetually at odds with the administration and represent something of a Senate peace movement: George McGovern of South Dakota, Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin, Frank E. Moss of Utah, and Frank Church of Idaho. At the same time, they are not free to cast their lot entirely with their colleagues who represent primarily urban and industrial state interests. Moss and Church, for example, went with Dirksen on reapportionment, and many of the others went through somewhat tortured periods of decision during which they were compelled to choose between competing urban and rural demands from home. In fact, the two main groups within the bloc that appear to be doing the most in the way of organizing and maneuvering represent something of a division between big-city, industrially oriented interests and states with a little bit (but not too much) of everything.

One is sometimes called the Kennedy-Bayh-Tydings group, although it is a good deal more comprehensive than that and is also described as the "Judiciary group," since it occasionally functions as a caucus of that committee, on which Senators Edward M. Kennedy, Birch Bayh of Indiana, and Joseph D. Tydings of Maryland serve. The other seems to have its base on the Finance Committee and to take its lead from Senators McCarthy and Vance Hartke (D., Indiana). Neither of these configurations could be characterized as insurrectionary or even as a hard-and-fast movement, and there is a certain amount of coming and going between them. Nevertheless, two quite different approaches to the administration have already become evident in their actions. They have also had a miniature test of strength, a competition between McCarthy and the Kennedys for a seat on the Foreign Relations Committee—with McCarthy prevailing.

Recently, a staff aide to Senator Tydings attempted to analyze the first of these collectivities. Senators Tydings, Bayh, and Robert and

Edward Kennedy, he said, were the "heart of it." Senators Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania), Philip A. Hart (D., Michigan), and Douglas were "a part." He enumerated many more who sympathized on certain issues, but he balked at the name of one he was asked about. "He's an administration Democrat," he said. Revealing as this may sound, it is possible to make too much of it. The sympathetic senators the aide had named were by no means part of a conspiracy but rather those who had proved willing to go along with the group's open and head-on challenges to the administration.

Trumping the Presidential Ace

The strategy on these occasions depends for its success on an almost total mobilization of Northern and Western Democrats. Whether or not those more than forty senators win the vote, if the vote is sufficiently close they will be able to influence the final form of the bill and to reap a considerable amount of public notice in the process. Where Johnson and Mansfield are obliged to think in terms of a total legislative picture—the relation of one measure to another—the challengers are happily absolved of such concerns. Nor are they bound to respect any deals made by the leadership to get this or that piece of legislation moving. Consequently, as one senator has observed, they are in a position to "keep trumping Johnson's aces—from the Left."

Occasionally they have gone too far. The two Kennedys were the only Democrats in the Senate who yielded to the temptation to go along with a rather wild proposal of Senator Winston L. Prouty (R., Vermont) that would have increased Social Security benefits by up to 75 per cent, a move regarded as a grandstand play by some of their Northern colleagues. Again, by the time the voting-rights bill emerged from committee it was a goulash of politically appealing but unworkable amendments, with the result that a Mansfield-Dirksen substitute was introduced and carried the day. By and large, however, the staff work and industry of the younger senators have powerfully impressed—and appear to have galvanized—some of their senior allies, many of whom, such as Douglas and Clark, had long been of a mixed mind, to put it mildly, about Johnson.

The second group, with lines into the Finance Committee, is less athletic in approach; it is also rather less of a group and more nearly the locus of certain activities and decisions. Not even the most imaginative Senate aide could delineate its membership, but it has a good deal to do with certain affinities between Senators McCarthy, Hartke, Metcalf of Montana, Muskie of Maine, and a few others; and it is capable of leading the Northern Democrats against the administration as well as of protecting the administration from them upon occasion. McCarthy, Hartke, and Metcalf, for example, saved the administration on the poll-tax amendment. At the same time, McCarthy and Hartke mounted a successful campaign inside and outside the Finance Committee to alter Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler's program for dealing with the balance-of-payments problem. When Senator Clark, who had joined the fight, was invited to come discuss it all with Fowler, he in-

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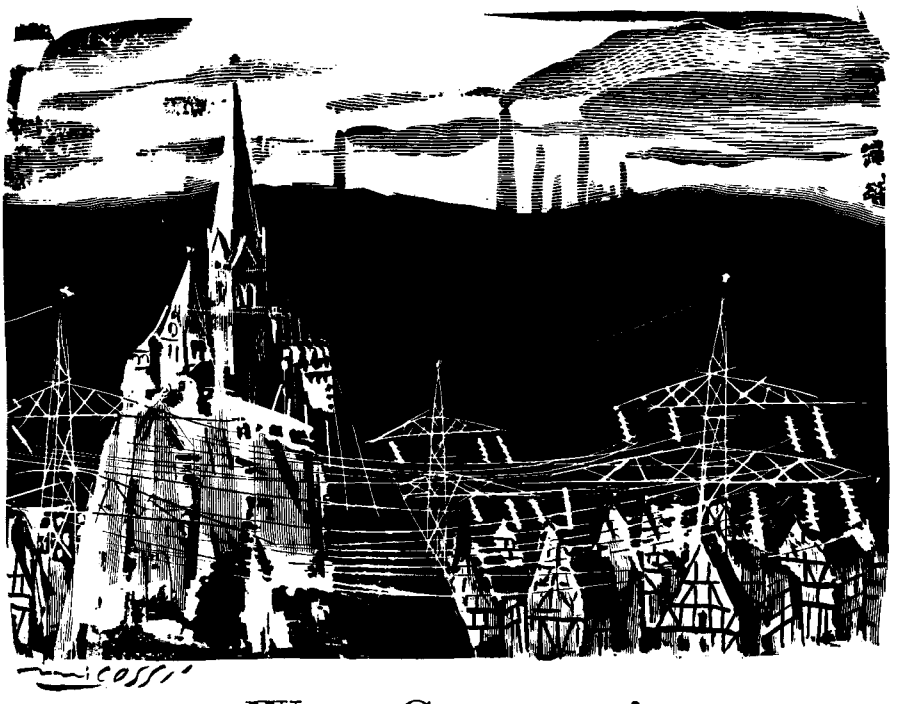
formed the Secretary that he planned to bring Hartke with him. Hartke also managed to append several amendments to Medicare that the administration opposed.

Most of those who have watched this intricate and elusive performance at length believe that its object is the establishment of something quite different from a liberal steamroller majority; rather it looks to be the beginning of a swing group that can pick up votes on the Right as well as Left (which is what Hartke did, in fact, in leading a recent floor effort to kill a Presidential nomination), and which can also determine whether or not the big-city Northern Democrats are successful in working their will on the administration. Thus far the senators who figure most prominently in this constellation have shown a preference for subtle maneuvers in their relations with the President. The younger Judiciary group, on the contrary, appear to be highly conscious of public effect and are also known on occasion to have expressed resentment that the President took credit from them or even appropriated their bills. For their part, the backscene managers are aware that the White House, in the words of one senator, "will always keep out in front of them," and that to compete with Lyndon Johnson in initiating a program would be an exercise in futility. They are, in fact, somewhat more Johnsonian in their approach. They appear to be going after real Senate power in a highly orthodox, Senatorial way.

The question remains: power to do what? These days the Senate is positively awash with gossip about past and future power struggles: a possible move against Mansfield, the replacement of Russell Long, the Kennedy-Johnson contests. There are even names in the air of potential new leaders who could appeal to the two contending groups on the liberal side—Muskie, Pastore, Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii. But if the majority is to be mobilized with a view to establishing a real and clear voice in administration programs and policies, it will only happen when a measure of discipline, organization, and—above all—purpose has been introduced into its chaotic affairs.



West Germany's Economic Romantics

GEORGE BAILEY

BONN

IN HIS PLAY *Romulus the Great*, Friedrich Duerrenmatt lampoons the new German big businessman in the character of Caesar Rupf (Fleecer), a tycoon of the world textile industry during the last days of the Roman Empire, who explains to the Emperor Romulus that he had considered buying up the empire but thought better of it:

RUPF: "You see, to be brutally frank about it, I have decided against a take-over bid. . . . Either one is an international corporation or one is an empire, and I must tell you very frankly that I prefer the international corporation. It pays better. I am against the purchase, Emperor Romulus, but I am not against an association."

ROMULUS: "How do you picture an association between the empire and your firm?"

RUPF: "Purely organic. As a businessman I am all for the organic. 'Think organically or go broke' is my motto."

Caesarism may well be dead in Germany, but Caesar Rupfism is on the march. Every German tycoon who thinks he has political influence or, more often, wonders why he does not have it in proportion to his financial assets, is Rupf. Indeed, there is ample reason to believe that Duerrenmatt was lampooning not only the individual German businessman but the new West German nation as a whole. Instead of undergoing "pastoralization" à la Morgenthau, West Germany produced the Economic Miracle of a dynamic, uninterrupted expansion and intensification of industry. Only three-quarters of a nation and avowedly a "provisional" state, the Federal Republic is an administrative federation with some of its sovereignty reserved to the three western Allies. Sixteen years after its foundation, the Federal Republic is still unable to put through a law providing for a state of national emergency, and the Allies are legally empowered to assume control of the German government in an emergency. As a result, the Federal Republic is not a national state in the conventional sense but rather a state of affairs described as merely a "society" (by the historian Golo Mann) or an "economic

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society" (by Mayor Willy Brandt of West Berlin). It was as if all German energies were channeled, for lack of appropriate outlets, into the one field in which the exercise of sovereignty is possible—the economy.

Rupf Goes to Bonn

Now more than ever the central fact of West German life is the unremitting, vertiginous economic boom. In 1959, the country's trade surplus was 5.4 billion marks, equivalent to $1.35 billion; in 1964 it was 6.1 billion marks—an increase of almost thirteen per cent over five years. Since 1958, West Germany has moved from the third to the second largest export nation in the world. As an exporter of industrial goods it already leads the world, and at the present respective rates of increase, it will move into first place as an over-all exporter by the end of this year.

The continuing expansion of export activities has been accompanied by considerable progress in the consolidation of the country's economic base. In 1959, accumulated private assets in West Germany were roughly twelve billion marks; today, total accumulated private assets amount to more than twenty-eight billion marks. Moreover, the sustained dynamism of German industrial expansion is uniform. The manpower shortage remains constant; there are still seven job openings for every unemployed person. The number of foreign workers in West Germany continues to increase at the rate of about a hundred thousand a year to a current total of more than 1.3 million.

But the very magnitude of the boom has made the discrepancy between economic overdevelopment and political underdevelopment all the more striking. The fact that German foreign policy has been barely able to maintain the status quo has been an issue in the national elections this month. In his campaign, Willy Brandt characterized the country as "a combination of economic giant and political midget," while Konrad Adenauer and his former defense minister, Franz Josef Strauss, sought to redress the balance between giant and midget by attacking western disarmament proposals at Geneva and demanding a nuclear role for Germany, lest it be left at the mercy of the Soviet Union.

After the construction of the Wall, which stopped the mass influx of manpower from East Germany and so forestalled the gradual reunification of Germany via the refugee flow, economics became more than ever the conscious focal point of Germany's immense and growing political frustration. The use of the one considerable advantage the country possessed, its economic power, inevitably assumed the guise of a foreign-policy panacea. This is why German foreign policy in Eastern Europe was pioneered by businessmen, such as Berthold Beitz of Krupp, who were backed by the reputation of the great German firms ("Whatever Krupp touches shows a profit"). The collapse of the Stalinist "command economy" that exposed the flagrant mismanagement of the Soviet empire, plus the development of polycentrism in the wake of the Sino-Soviet split, further enhanced the desirability of tackling foreign-policy problems on the basis of economics. The result of all this has been the re-emergence on the German scene of familiar characters in new roles: the romantic has become an economist, the metaphysician a businessman, the stolid burgher a huckster of economic primacy. Caesar Rupf has gone to Bonn with a take-over bid in a briefcase bulging with assorted plans for "organic" association.

ECONOMIC ROMANTICISM has its roots in the total disillusionment of many Germans with Allied policy in Europe. As Peter Bender, a young political editor of the West German Radio in Cologne, puts it in his book *Aggressive Relaxation,* which has become the bible of the economic romantics, "The disappointment over the foreign policy of the democracies has also influenced the evaluation of democracy as a form of government." The dangerous thing about Communism, says Bender, is not its strength but its weakness—specifically its economic weakness. This is especially true of East Germany, which cannot evolve a form of national Communism because its very nature is separatist; its economy is prevented from developing properly because the régime cannot appeal to national sentiment. Bender points out rightly that the East German régime is handicapped by the very existence of the Federal Republic, which "sets standards that hinder the régime in the conduct of domestic policy." To compensate for this chronic weakness, the Communists have assumed a bellicose front. Hence this process must be reversed: the stronger the Communists become economically, the more reasonable they will become politically; the only way to bring about the liberalization of a Communist régime is to be liberal in the granting of economic aid. At this point it will be possible to deal with the Communists, not in the sense of being able to secure fixed agreements and treaties, but rather in the sense that "co-operation will evolve from the community of interests." Thereafter "agreements will tacitly materialize." Bender breaks the news to his readers as gently as possible that this process would ultimately involve the diplomatic recognition of East Germany and the association of the two Germanys "in some form of confederation," for the new romanticism is based on the premise that Germany is "organically" an economic whole forcefully rent asunder by the cold war. In Bender's words, "After all, Germany was once *one* country, and the broken ends of rails and torn up roads along the zonal border correspond to the many invisible bonds which have been cut but which could be restored to mutual advantage."

For most exponents of this view, Germany is slowly and inevitably becoming united again. Moreover, the Bender school goes on to postulate Germany as the "organic" center around which, by force of immutable economic laws, Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals will accrue.

Within the last three years this manner of thinking has attracted a very large number of Germans of all political persuasions. The forms of its expression are various. A recent West German television documentary on the East German city of Leipzig concluded with: "Leipzig was created by nature to be the trade center of Europe." A young German industrialist recently spoke enthusi-

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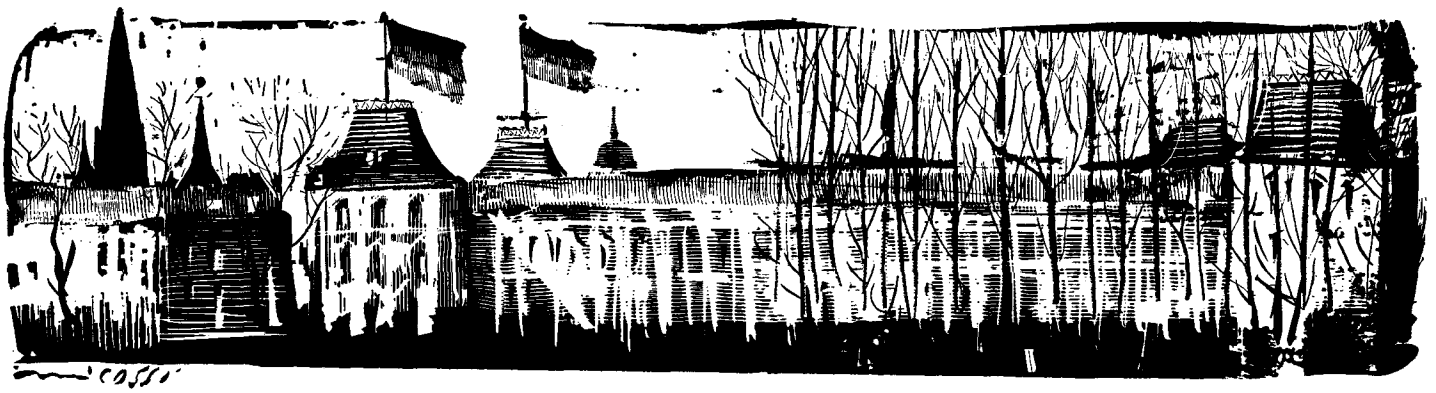

astically to me about a meeting with his East German counterpart at the Hanover trade fair. "We immediately agreed that we could completely ignore the maunderings of our respective political leaderships and get on with the job." To an ever-increasing extent, the business of Germany is business.

In a well-documented politico-economic study of Western and Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, subtitled *Perspectives of Economic Co-operation*, Wenzel Jaksch, a Social Democratic member of parliament and Sudeten German leader, sums up his findings thus: Germany is the center of the East-West political struggle, the point of convergence of the two opposing economic systems, the geographic and structural node of the European continent in terms of communications and traffic networks, the traditional supplier of industrial products and purveyor of production techniques to Eastern Europe, the traditional buyer of products and particularly agricultural produce from Eastern Europe.

Not even dictatorships, says Jaksch, can nullify the fundamental facts of geography and traditional communications and traffic networks between peoples and continents. He pleads for the development and expansion of the existing network of connections, particularly the completion of the Rhine-Main-Danube canal and river system, the so-called "axis of Europe," which would open the way for shipping from the port of Rotterdam to the Black Sea. The missing link in the system is the eighty-seven-mile stretch between Nürnberg and Regensburg, planned but not yet under construction. The over-all plan would necessitate a change from the present hodgepodge of national credit policies to a common Western European investment policy for Eastern Europe. Jaksch proposes the sponsorship by Western Europe of a Marshall Plan for Eastern Europe, to be implemented through a West-East development bank set up for the purpose. He estimates the cost of the recovery of the satellite economies at fifty-five billion marks ($13.75 billion). He excludes the Soviet Union from the plan "for the time being" (the investment needs of the Soviet economy have been estimated by American experts at $50 billion). Jaksch admits, however, that the realization of the project presupposes the adoption by the Soviet Union of a new foreign policy for Germany and Europe. ("From the outset every attempt must be made to secure Soviet approval. The Soviet Union's veto could one day make the economic potential of Western Europe the ally of China.")

The Price of the Status Quo

Notwithstanding its broad acceptance, the economic approach has become very much a partisan political issue. Bender's *Aggressive Relaxation* is a projection of change through closer relations (or closer relations through change?). This is the post-Wall philosophy of the Berlin wing of the Social Democratic Party (SPD), which led to the controversial holiday-pass negotiations and agreements between the Berlin senate and the East German régime. For campaign purposes, this operation has become known and is being promoted by Willy Brandt and his Berlin colleagues as "the policy of small steps." Jaksch's much more sober study reflects the thinking of the right wing and center of the Social Democratic Party in its parliamentary group in Bonn. There is, moreover, a vital and revealing divergence between the two approaches: the Jaksch plan pointedly excludes East Germany from economic co-operation ("The German taxpayer cannot be expected to finance the continuation of the dismemberment of Germany"), while Bender singles East Germany out for all forms of economic aid.

The Christian Democratic coalition (CDU-CSU), while largely if not solely responsible for the Economic Miracle and the production of the stuff that Socialist dreams are made of, takes a vastly more complex and cautious view of the possibilities of economic co-operation between West Germany and Eastern Europe. Generally speaking, the Christian Democrats are against development assistance to Communist countries—particularly in the form of long-term credits. Moreover, the governing coalition would leave the great bulk of such co-operation to the initiatives of private firms. Even so, this did not prevent Ludwig Erhard from preparing a plan to be unveiled upon Khrushchev's announced visit to Bonn—a plan to ransom East Germany with a thirty-year reconstruction program for the Soviet Union totaling well over a hundred billion marks. Apart from this, the Christian Democrats have abided by NATO guidelines for trade with the Soviet bloc, as demonstrated by the Federal Republic's compliance two years ago with the "pipe embargo" against the Soviet Union (an embargo promptly violated by Great Britain).

But Christian Democratic thinking on the economic approach to Eastern European policy questions has been colored by experience, first of all by the curious commercial agreement between East and West Germany known as the Interzonal Trade Agreement. Under the terms of the agreement, in effect since 1951,

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the two parts of Germany have designated themselves "Currency Area D-Mark East" and "Currency Area D-Mark West," the latter expressly including West Berlin. The volume of interzonal trade has steadily increased. In 1964, total turnover amounted to almost 2.3 billion "clearing units" based on an offset arrangement that adapts the two currencies to each other for trade purposes. This amount comprises less than two per cent of West Germany's exports, but it is ten per cent of East Germany's exports and, more importantly, in excess of fifty per cent of East Germany's exports to western countries, i.e., to hard-currency areas. In August, 1960, the condition was added that the agreement would be valid only so long as passenger traffic between West Germany and West Berlin was not disturbed or interrupted.

In September, 1960, the Federal Republic threatened not to renew the agreement. The threat forced the East Germans to examine the scope and nature of their economic dependence on West Germany and inspired a propaganda campaign for an economy that would be *störfrei*, or disturbance-proof, by being independent of West Germany. The fact that interzonal trade did not cease or even diminish after the Wall but actually increased is doubly significant: the East Germans discovered that it was impossible to do without trade with West Germany and even approach their production goals; the West Germans concluded that the best guarantee for continued access to West Berlin lay in an expansion of interzonal trade, the calculation being that the greater the volume of trade, the more vulnerable East Germany would become to the threat of its withdrawal.

However, the balancing of economic power against power politics can shift both ways. Last year, the East German régime attempted with some success to turn the economic weapon of West Germany around by threatening the interdiction of access routes as a means of pressuring West Germany into granting increases in the volume and range of trade under more favorable terms. Then when, for reasons of prestige, the East Germans were forced to drop their demands for credits which the West Germans steadfastly refused to grant, they switched to the more profitable insistence on an expansion of the already existing swing arrangements, which comes to pretty much the same thing as granting credits.

In short, the West German desire to render the East German economy increasingly dependent on West Germany dovetails nicely with the East German desire to increase trade for the opposite reason. The result is that the economic price West Germany must pay for the mere maintenance of the status quo—specifically the link between the Federal Republic and Berlin—is steadily rising.

IN ONE SENSE, the establishment of West German trade missions in Poland, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria is an extension of the theory governing interzonal trade. In each case the negotiations turned on the "Berlin clause," which in more or less specific terms included West Berlin as part of the Federal Republic. In another sense, by formalizing

trade relations with the satellites, the Federal Republic was merely moving to re-establish itself in a traditional German economic preserve. But most important, the West German trade campaign in Eastern Europe is aimed at the gradual diplomatic isolation of East Germany from Eastern Europe.

As a result both of Romania's new independent line and of the spectacular success of the West German exhibition at the Bucharest trade fair in May, it is a foregone conclusion that the West German trade mission in Bucharest will be raised to the status of a general consulate before the end of this year. Indeed, the Germans were so conspicuously successful in Bucharest that they recoiled in alarm. Berthold Beitz, the plenipotentiary of Krupp, was seated in his plane ready to take off from Munich for Bucharest when it suddenly occurred to him that the whole affair was being overdone in the truest Teutonic fashion; he abruptly left the plane and canceled his trip. Beitz had been burnt once before: the premature publicity he gave a joint Krupp-Polish transaction all but queered the deal. Despite its boast that it is a nonpolitical "world firm," Krupp could not acquiesce in Polish demands that the jointly financed factory be constructed east of the Oder-Neisse line in territory claimed by Bonn. As a consequence of his refusal, the Rupfian Beitz was reminded publicly at the recent Poznan fair by his friend Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz that Poland was not for sale and could not be bought.

A Financial Rapallo?

Since the Bucharest trade fair, the West German government has taken pains to discredit Rupfism, stating on every possible occasion that the possibilities of wielding economic influence for political ends in Eastern Europe are vastly overrated. The opportunities apparently offered by polycentrism are also questioned. "When," asks the historian Hans Raupach, "has the voice of economic reason ever determined to any decisive extent the political course of nations? What businessman would have dared to oppose the drive for independent statehood with the economic considerations of his chamber of commerce?" Raupach points out that the satellites may well see a guarantee of their present territorial possessions in the very Soviet intransigence of which the West and particularly Germany complain, "since the Soviets clearly regard the present boundaries as strategically and politico-economically optimal and will defend them as such. The Soviet Union's upholding the division of Germany serves the purpose of excluding the re-emergence of Germany as the potential prime power factor in Eastern Europe." The danger is that Germany will take to jousting with political windmills under the banner of economic realism: the

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fashionable tendency to give unqualified predominance to economic considerations increasingly threatens to become the pathetic fallacy of the Germans.

The main characteristic distinguishing the Bonn government from its opposition in the field of economic policy is its insistence on proceeding in co-ordination with the western Allies, whereas in developing their theses both Bender and Jaksch considered themselves obliged to deal with the charge of fostering a "financial Rapallo." This insistence applies to NATO as well as to the Common Market. In both cases the Federal Republic places prime emphasis on the urgent necessity for developing a common foreign trade policy—specifically "a real and generally acceptable concept for the coordination of East-West trade." The government still has faith in the Alliance, but it is gradually being undermined by impatience with the apparent lack of Allied interest in supporting the German national cause, not only in questions of nuclear defense but also in the safe, "organic" field of co-ordinating economic policy. Most German politicians consider that the Allies—above all Britain and France—are infringing the few economic-policy guidelines that exist, such as the Bern Agreement's five-year limit on credits to Communist countries. At present a particularly sore point for Christian Democratic leaders is the consideration that Germany, in making sweeping concessions to France on Common Market agricultural prices, is in effect helping to finance the French nuclear program.

IN THE OPPOSITION at large, faith in the Alliance is considerably less. In the Berlin wing of the SPD, which provides Willy Brandt with most of his political power base, disillusionment with Allied policy in Europe is total. In a national election with no salient issues involved—the SPD merely promises to be a better CDU; the Free Democratic Party (FDP) is unimportant except in terms of electoral arithmetic because it is too small to act outside a coalition in any event—the one major underlying issue is the political use that Germany can make of its tremendous economic power.

Kashmir: Shastri's Time for Decision

SUNDAR RAJAN

BOMBAY

PRIME MINISTER Lal Bahadur Shastri of India is sensitive about his diminutive size and birdlike inoffensiveness. "Appearances are deceptive, but I am not weak, and I can be firm when I wish to," Shastri has repeatedly insisted. He has now proved his point. When he arrived in parliament on August 23, it was to hear debate on the third no-confidence motion against his government in fifteen months. Buoyed by waves of nationwide public protests over economic issues, the opposition parties were in high spirits. Within forty-eight hours, however, the Indian Army had crossed the cease-fire line in Kashmir to strike at Pakistan-backed raiders, and Shastri's critics were mumbling their congratulations.

After briefing foreign diplomats on the government's new belligerence, Shastri returned to his office, where among the first files that he scanned were reports on food riots in four key provinces. There were also urgent phone calls from the chief minister of the state of Punjab on the Sikhs' plans for direct action against the government in their agitation for a separate Sikh state. The preoccupation of the average Indian with petty matters and his initial indifference to explosive developments in Kashmir could not have been more sharply marked. President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan had to fly to embattled Srinagar, the summer capital of Kashmir, in a dramatic move to impress Indians that Shastri was in earnest.

Before the action in Kashmir, the newspapers had been presenting a bleak picture of the national mood. A single issue of the *Times of India* recently contained twenty-seven news items of what editors refer to as "agitational stories": hunger strikes, brawls in state legislatures, police shootings, and student violence. While the demonstrations and strikes underline the difficult economic situation that is largely a legacy of the idealistic planning of the Nehru years, the Shastri administration had also been subjected to severe buffeting on its foreign policy. The Communists and their allies on the extreme Left accused Shastri of being lukewarm toward Nehru's policy of nonalignment and of turning into a camp follower of the West. The free-enterprise Swatantra (Freedom) Party, led by the eighty-six-year-old Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, India's first head of state, charged Shastri with "clinging to the discredited rags of nonalignment." The Hindu extremist parties had been calling him an "appeaser of Pakistan and its foreign friends" on the touchy Kashmir question. Since all of these groups have powerful supporters within the ruling party, the prime minister's position was particularly difficult.

Despite its vehemence and incoherence, the debate on political and economic issues has reflected to some extent a democratic vigor that was missing during the long Nehru stewardship. Nehru did not relish arguments and had a way of silencing his critics without appearing to be highhanded. Shastri's way is to listen to all shades of opinion and then form his own conclusions. But because of this deliberation, the prime minister has often seemed to vacillate on vital matters. Nehru's sister, the ambitious Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, called the government "a prisoner of indecision," and there were many who agreed.

The Snub

In the economic sphere, the Shastri government's failures have invited such criticism. The prime minister has taken almost a year to evolve even the broad outlines of a national food policy. It was said by one member of parliament that it is easier to get a million tons of wheat from America than a few

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hundred bags from states like Punjab and Madhya Pradesh, which, under pressure from vested political and business interests, have been unwilling to share their surplus produce with starving areas. Shastri has failed to use the powerful Defence of India Rules, promulgated after the 1962 Chinese invasion, to check food hoarding and black-marketeering.

In foreign relations, Shastri has generally followed the precepts of his political mentor, Nehru, who soon after India achieved independence said, "Foreign policy is the outcome of economic policy, and until India has properly evolved her economic policy, her foreign policy will be rather vague, rather inchoate, and will be groping." Nonetheless, Shastri was anxious to avoid Nehru's mistakes, especially his flamboyant initiatives in international affairs. Shastri has endeavored to withdraw India from the forefront of international lobbying.

But this policy has run into some serious difficulties, not all of them of Shastri's making. President Johnson's abrupt postponement of his Washington visit last April has not made things easier for him. Until then, Shastri had said very little to annoy Washington. In fact, on April 4, an editorial in the *AICC Economic Review*, official journal of the All India Congress Committee, the policymaking general council of the ruling party, stated: "We do not say that the United States is all altruistic or unselfish but it is certain that the war in Vietnam, if it goes against South Vietnam, will result in the extension of the area of slavery. . . . Nothing should deter lovers of freedom and democracy from making every effort to thwart aggressive Communist China from overrunning Southeast Asia even at the risk of an escalation of the war, if that is the only way to freedom from the menace of Communist brigandage."

In the weeks that followed the cancellation of his visit, however, Shastri abandoned his reserve and lost no opportunity to criticize the American bombings. Soviet diplomatic activity in New Delhi became brisker. Indeed, the Kremlin could not have hoped for a better gift on the eve of Shastri's first visit to the Soviet Union. The trip in May was described by the Indian journalists who accompanied him as a great success. So it may turn out to be—from the Kremlin's point of view. While New Delhi received assurances of more economic aid, the Russian leaders were silent on the two subjects India considers most vital to its interests—Pakistan and China. On the other hand, Shastri obliged his hosts by roundly censuring American actions in Vietnam.

The Kashmir Obsession

Over the years, the diplomacy of both India and Pakistan has been largely conditioned by the Kashmir question. The two neighbors have judged friends and enemies on the basis of their attitudes on Kashmir. The roots of India's anti-western suspicions clearly lie in the support that the Eisenhower administration extended to Pakistan, apparently on the assumption that the strategic Vale of Kashmir would be a more reliable bulwark against Sino-Soviet expansionism in the Himalayas as a Pakistani possession. Khrushchev, by contrast, played on Indian sentiments by periodically declaring that as far as Moscow was concerned, Kashmir's accession to India was final and unalterable. Since the outbreak of hostilities, however, Khrushchev's successors have failed to reaffirm this support. Probably any shifts in the Russian stand on Kashmir will not be abrupt and will be skillfully maneuvered. The Kremlin's strategy in recent months as the tension over Kashmir mounted was to soothe the Shastri government with "private assurances" while publicly pleading with India and Pakistan to be wary of imperialist intrigues and to compose their differences.

Indian politicians and foreign ministry officials did not fail to note that despite their ideological war with Peking, the Russian leaders appeared to welcome Pakistan's growing involvement with Communist China. Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali, the Indian Socialist leader who was recently in Moscow to receive the Lenin Prize, said in an interview in the Bombay *Sunday Standard* that the Soviet government approved the new trend in Pakistan's foreign policy. She added that the Russians thought that "If Pakistan can be weaned away from the American alliance, it will be good for India as well." Some observers were inclined to add that at a later stage the Soviet Union might also begin coaxing India to normalize its relations with Peking.

UP UNTIL the outbreak of the fighting in Kashmir, critics of New Delhi's foreign policy, both left and right, had been harping on the point that nonalignment was losing India one friend after another. "We are like the veteran spinster whose virginity everyone acknowledges but whose chastity no one is prepared to underwrite," said a seasoned parliamentarian. In effect, both sides were saying that if India was to start winning friends it should be ready to make a few enemies.

That time now appears to have arrived. The massive infiltration of armed tribesmen and disguised Pakistani soldiers into the Vale of Kashmir had a profound impact on the Indian administration's domestic position. Initially the Shastri cabinet was inclined to minimize the development. For a whole fortnight following August 5, when the first raiders were detected on the Indian side of the Pir Panjal Mountains, New Delhi rejected the interpretation that it was no mere infiltration but a calculated aggression conceived, planned, and executed by the Ayub Khan régime. Then nationwide alarm was aroused by the increased numbers of infiltrators rounded up in the orchards of Kashmir. Shastri decided that not only India's military position in Kashmir but his own position was at stake. The Hindu extremist organization Jan Sangh brought 200,000 demonstrators from all over India to the Parliament House gates in the biggest post-independence protest seen in the capital. Inside the ruling party there was a renewed whispering campaign that India needed a strong man to teach Pakistan a lesson. Failure to act decisively would have certainly resulted in Shastri's ouster.

The response of the United States has been sympathetic but cautious. It has halted military-aid shipments to both countries, but it has not heeded the Indian request to censure Pakistan publicly for using American tanks and arms in Kashmir. Mean-

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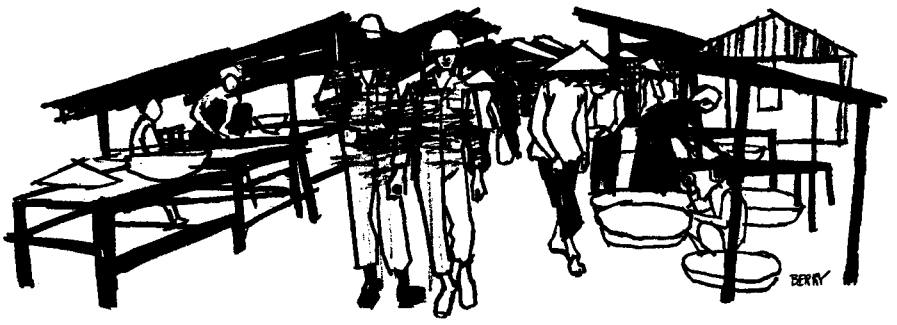
while, American newspaper accounts portraying Pakistan as the real troublemaker have pleased the Indians. Observers noticed that in an address to the Congress Party's parliamentary wing, Shastri for the first time denounced Communist China for intransigence in Vietnam.

The Soviet Union, while asking for a cease-fire, has so far not budged from its ambivalent position. A letter from Premier Kosygin to Shastri, reportedly implying that the United States had inspired the Kashmir developments to divert attention from its plight in Vietnam, was a cause of derisive laughter in Indian political circles. As for the Afro-Asian and nonaligned countries, not one of them, from Yugoslavia to Malaysia, has chosen to speak out on Kashmir. This has been most galling to India.

IN PRIVATE, many Congress Party leaders have told me that Sino-Pakistan collusion against India along the 2,500-mile Himalayan frontier has for the time being thoroughly blighted the domestic appeal of nonalignment. Undoubtedly, in the days ahead, there will be an increasing demand for what independent opposition leader J. B. Kripalani calls "foreign policy based on true national interest." Indeed, most Indians plainly regard the undeclared war with Pakistan as the beginning of a calculated Islamic offensive against their secular democracy, a fact that goes far to explain why influential voices are now being raised in favor of a settlement with Peking. It is argued that since India cannot fight on two fronts, it should compromise with China. On this even the pro-Moscow faction of the Indian Communist Party and the Hindu nationalists seemed to agree wholeheartedly—at least until recently. Now, however, Moscow appears anxious that Shastri first settle with Pakistan while adjusting New Delhi's struggle with the Chinese to the Kremlin's own strategic and ideological requirements, which at the moment seem to dictate a pause. What is clear is that Indian foreign policy has reached the stage where New Delhi can no longer afford the luxury of trying to please one and all. For Shastri, the time of decision has just begun.



The Vietnamese Refugee Problem

PHILIP GEYELIN

WHEN President Johnson announced on August 30 that he was sending Dr. Howard A. Rusk of the New York University Medical Center to make a firsthand inspection of private agencies' relief efforts in Vietnam, the story was buried by black headlines from Saigon. That day, two more strikes by U.S. B-52 bombers at Vietcong strongholds in South Vietnam were announced and the word was passed by American military sources that saturation bombing attacks in the south were about to be stepped up to the rate of almost one a day.

There is a grim connection between these two developments. Each in its way bears on the growing problem of what to do about the hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese civilians already uprooted by the fighting and the thousands more who may be added to refugee rolls if Hanoi and Washington intensify their test of wills. Taken together, they point up a dilemma that cuts across every aspect of the Vietnam conflict.

American policymakers are all too aware that the joint efforts of the United States and the South Vietnamese to turn the tide of battle in their favor, whether by B-52 bombings or by a stepped-up counteroffensive on the ground, are bound to create more refugees. "There's no denying it," one high-ranking member of the U.S. aid mission told me in Saigon; "even when we only drop leaflets warning of a bombing raid, we add to the refugee flow."

As the war intensifies, the responsibility of the United States to see to it that these displaced civilians are cared for adequately is increased. But under the conventions that continue to guide the U.S.-South Vietnamese partnership in this strange war, the primary responsibility for the care of the refugees still lies with the government in Saigon. An emergency program of refugee relief, particularly in a few of the more serious trouble spots, may be in order, as some members of Congress are already arguing. But to do this under U.S. government auspices would risk undermining the authority of the Saigon régime.

The Johnson administration has settled on a compromise. The Americans will put more money, more material, and more manpower into helping the refugees, and a new unit will be created in the U.S. aid mission in Saigon to deal exclusively with refugees. All told, about forty officials will be diverted to refugee relief, either as counselors to the social welfare ministry in Saigon or

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out in the field, helping untangle bureaucratic snarls, spurring recalcitrant local South Vietnamese authorities, and otherwise seeking to expedite relief programs. Where bottlenecks persist or in emergencies with which the South Vietnamese are unable to cope, private American relief agencies, and perhaps even foreign countries, will be called on, with the United States providing transportation and supplies as needed.

This is where Dr. Rusk enters the picture. He is to report to President Johnson on how the private groups can be mobilized more effectively, how their separate efforts can be co-ordinated, and how their assistance can be rapidly brought to bear in crisis areas. But, for reasons that become clear in the context of the refugee problem, the administration intends to cling as long as it can to the two principles that have guided it up to now. One is to avoid "Americanization" of the refugee-relief efforts. The other is to discourage as much as possible any relief program on a scale that might threaten, in the words of one policymaker, "to put a premium on being a refugee."

The Flood

It is estimated that nearly 600,000 Vietnamese have been dislodged from their villages and hamlets—most of them in the past six months—and driven toward the bigger district towns and provincial capitals in search of shelter, dependable food supplies, or simply security from shot and shell and Vietcong terrorism. Of this number, some 200,000 have supposedly been "resettled" under government relief programs, though the latest reports from U.S. officials in Saigon suggest that many of them have merely crowded in with relatives. But the more fortunate of them have been relocated on new land under a program conducted by the Saigon government, with a good deal of material assistance from American foreign aid. The South Vietnamese government provides a modest stake, roughly equivalent to $50, to finance a house; the American aid mission contributes cement and roofing materials.

But a village-by-village count taken by American officials in August confirms earlier estimates that almost 400,000 refugees are huddled in temporary camps in schools, churches, and other makeshift havens; in the highland areas, many have simply squatted in open fields. For all of these there is also supposed to be assistance from Saigon, at levels U.S. experts there consider not only adequate but generous—on paper. The food allowance sounds small, working out to the equivalent of no more than fifty cents a day for food for an average family, but it has to be measured against an average annual per capita income of about $100. In theory, government help includes free supplies of other basic necessities such as blankets, mosquito nets, and sleeping mats. Beyond this, there are extensive relief efforts by a host of private American volunteer groups.

To a good many onlookers, including some in the U.S. Congress, the Vietnamese refugees are, like their Cuban and East German counterparts, simply voting against Communism with their feet. If that is true, then it would seem logical to encourage their rejection of life in Vietcong-threatened territory, and to give them the most generous care possible.

However, a recent tour of the highland provinces, where most of the refugees are coming from, and of the coastal regions, where most of them have congregated, suggests that both the cause of the trouble and the cure are considerably more complex. Indeed, the refugee problem touches almost every aspect of the struggle—political, economic, and social as well as military.

One of the main difficulties is that conditions vary so much from place to place that there can be no simple solution. In some areas, the refugees are reasonably comfortable, not only by comparison with their former living standards but with the lot of those among whom they have settled. Near Na Trang, for example, row housing constructed for the refugees is superior to that of many local inhabitants. This reinforces the argument of those who fear that the present U.S. policy will lure still greater floods of refugees into already overcrowded coastal centers and stir even deeper resentment among local residents.

But in another coastal province, Quang Ngai, where refugees make up nearly half of the populace still under South Vietnamese government control, conditions are appalling by almost any standards, and the South Vietnamese government is plainly unable or unwilling to provide a remedy. As of mid-August, the U.S. embassy in Saigon held to the view that no over-all crisis existed, that "somehow the system had absorbed" the bulk of the refugees, and that there was "no evidence of starvation or epidemic."

The erratic performance of the South Vietnamese government has not made matters any easier. Reports of corruption persist. But many Washington experts feel that the fear of being accused of corruption is a greater factor in the widespread failure to pay out relief money at the accepted rate. In any given government program, it is noted, spending by local officials usually runs about one-third of the total authorized; in the event that a new government should suddenly come in and start checking the books, provincial and district chiefs want to be able to produce the cash or ironclad vouchers. Moreover, Saigon itself is highly erratic about disbursing funds from month to month; some provincial authorities ration relief payments for fear that a sudden cutoff might provoke resentment or even uprisings by the refugees. In many cases, refugees may be receiving no more than half their allotment.

Resettlement and job-retraining programs also look better on paper. For one thing, most of the refugees appear to be women and children, or, as one official put it, "what's left after all the able-bodied people have either been drafted by the government or impressed by the Vietcong." Some, whose sons and husbands are serving with the enemy, are not welcome. Those able to work are largely unskilled peasants; land to start them up again in rice farming is often at a premium. But Saigon would much rather return them to the homes they fled from than to resettle them. The catch is that the very process of pacification means more of the hit-and-run warfare that induces the peasant bystander to pull up stakes,

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and far more are fleeing their homes than returning to them.

If the hit-and-run tactics of both sides, together with the heavy Vietcong taxation and the stepped-up terror, are one inducement for the peasant to leave his village, another is a carefully calculated Communist campaign to spread economic chaos by cutting communication lines and shutting off shipments of food and other supplies. As the Vietcong overrun the smaller hamlets and villages, refugees crowd into district towns, depleting rice supplies and creating other acute shortages of necessities such as cooking oil and salt. And as these centers are threatened in turn, the flow is pushed on toward the provincial towns; with roads interdicted and monsoon rains hampering airlift efforts, the pressure pushes the refugee flow on down from such highland trouble spots as Pleiku, Kontum, Ban Me Thuot, and Da Lat to the already crowded northern and central coastal provinces, which have food shortages of their own.

Rice and Ruin

A measure of the problem thus created can be seen in the fact that eight of these provinces consume 640,000 tons of rice each year, while producing only 220,000 tons. Even in the best of times they must import heavily from the rice-rich Mekong Delta. This interprovince commerce, however, has been almost completely ruptured by the cutting of roads and railroad lines. Shipping cannot begin to take up the slack, and air transport is inadequate. Hoarding by greedy merchants hoping for a speculative killing, or by ricegrowers who do not wish to risk their produce on Vietcong-invested roads, aggravates the scarcity.

Thus the refugee problem becomes more than a question of handing out a dole; its key, as of now, is the supply and price of rice, which is something the United States can and is doing something about, without injuring the image of the Saigon government as a solicitous and busy benefactor of its people. All told, the U.S. aid mission has committed some 152,500 tons of surplus American rice to Vietnam for this year. Arrangements have even been made for the emergency purchase of as much as 50,000 tons of rice available in Thailand, with a special 2,500 tons to be directly airlifted by American cargo planes to isolated highland population centers. This shipment, at the rate of three planes a day, will provide continuing supplies on a regular schedule, and the hope is that it will allay anxieties in remote upland areas and contribute toward diminishing the refugee flow. With these arrangements, administration officials believe that the refugee problem is, as one of them put it, "just barely manageable as of now."

But in places like Pleiku and Da Nang, the price of rice has already leaped thirty per cent or more at times, especially when reserves are low. In the northern Buddhist stronghold of Hué, prices of rice and most other necessities are reckoned to be roughly half again as much as in Saigon. The refugee food allotment, however, is calculated on the basis of "reasonable" rice prices; should they soar out of sight, everybody would suffer. In the words of Richard Evans, until recently the top refugee man in the Saigon aid mission, "Everybody becomes a refugee." A veteran of seventeen years in Far East refugee work, Evans can readily envisage a march on Saigon by millions of refugees if rice isn't available at a reasonable price.

This menace may never materialize, and the hope is that somehow it could be met by more stringent government price controls, still larger shipments of American surpluses, or some form of direct distribution. But it is one way the refugee problem could deal a shattering psychological as well as economic blow to Saigon's cause. It is also a reason why the United States has directed its efforts toward making the refugee concentrations as impermanent as possible.

An effort has been made to start refugees back to their home grounds just as soon as they seem safe and food supplies are adequate. Whenever possible, refugees are kept in village groupings, where they are encouraged to elect a village chief and handle their affairs within their original political framework.

Other reasons argue for a prompt reversal of the refugee tide. For one thing, the refugee migration threatens to solidify a split between Vietcong and anti-Vietcong areas, hardening the division of the country and playing into the hands of the Communists in any future negotiations; to the extent that the refugees are moved by hatred for the Vietcong, their departure may simplify Vietcong consolidation of its territorial gains.

The Trojan Horse

But a more ominous reason for urgent efforts to stem if not reverse the flood is the suspicion, which cannot be flatly confirmed, that Vietcong agitators and sympathizers have been carefully planted among the refugees to undermine areas thought to be safely beyond Vietcong influence. The likelihood of enemy infiltration has caused many provincial and district officials to isolate the refugees, or at the very least to discourage their assimilation into communities already encircled and besieged by the Vietcong.

Thus the refugee problem has presented an almost unsolvable quandary for Washington policymakers. They are adamant in their insistence that as much of the U.S. rescue effort in Vietnam as possible be channeled through the Saigon government, for all its inefficiency; a job poorly done by Saigon, it has been long argued, is still preferable to a job done well by Washington. Now, however, with the dispatch to Saigon of a new foreign-aid chief, Charles Mann, this doctrine will be applied with more flexibility. Mann was an influential member of the U.S. economic-aid mission that conducted the remarkably successful Vietnamese refugee program in 1954 and 1955, when over a million Vietnamese flocked down from the North to escape Communist rule after the Geneva settlement. Mann will not only reorganize the refugee effort but is also prepared to prod Saigon bureaucrats and provincial chiefs. A compromise will be struck between the alternatives of doing everything under Saigon's auspices and plunging in with a wholly American relief plan that would undercut the South Vietnamese government in the eyes of its own people.

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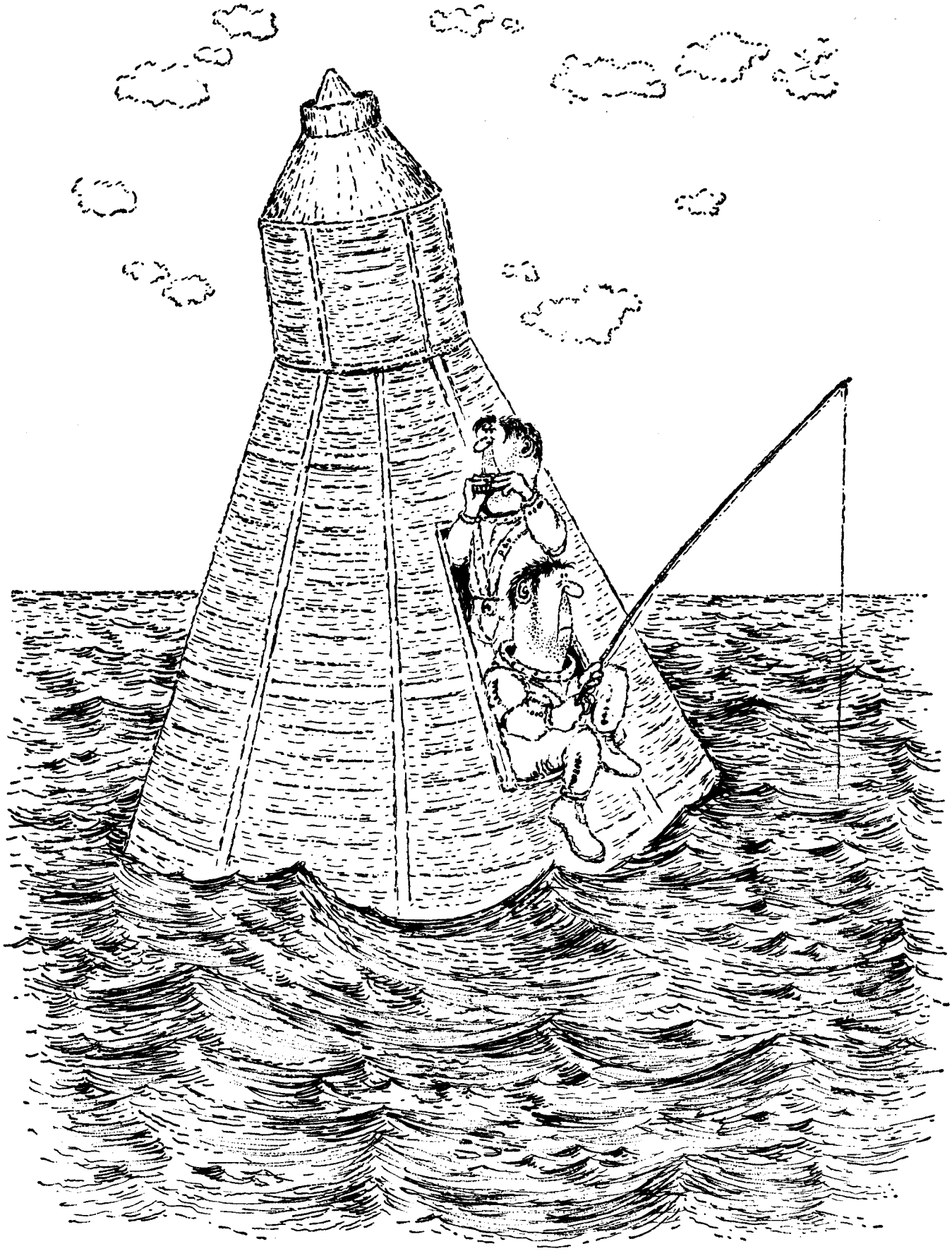

By Fernando Krahn

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Everything but Roses

ANNE TYLER

THAT SUNDAY, Joan began thinking about Simon's hair. She started out by saying, "Simon, tomorrow morning first thing I want to find you in that barber's chair," but Simon said, "Aw, Joan, I don't want to go downtown." Since that movie yesterday he had changed his mind about town; he hadn't even asked to eat in a restaurant today, and Joan could see his point. Going downtown meant people murmuring over him and patting his head, asking Joan in whispers, "How is he taking it? Is his mother coming out of it?" while Simon stood right next to them, his chin tilted defiantly and his eyes on their faces. Little boys who were usually his friends circled him widely, looking back over their shoulders in curious, half-scared glances. They had never seen someone that close to funerals before, not someone their own age. When Simon and Joan were coming out of the movie theatre a member of Mrs. Pike's church had stopped smack in front of them and said to her friend, "Oh, that poor little boy!" Her voice had rung out clearly and hung in the air above them, making other people stop and stare while Simon pulled on Joan's hand to rush her home. She could understand it if he never went downtown again.

So instead of insisting, she said, "Well, all right. But we've got to cut your hair at home then. Today."

"It's not so long," he said.

"Curls down over your ears."

"Well, we've got nothing to cut it with."

"Scissors," Joan reminded him. "Your mother's sewing scissors. *Anything*."

"O.K. Tomorrow, then," said Simon. "Bright and early."

"Tomorrow's a tobacco day; I won't be here. You know that."

"*Other* boys have hair *lots* longer."

"Orphans do," said Joan. "Will you fetch the scissors?"

He slid off the couch, grumbling a little, and went for his mother's sewing basket. It sat in one corner of the living room, gathering dust, odds and ends of other people's clothing poking out of it every which way. (Mrs. Pike was a seamstress; she made clothes for most of the women in town.) The materials on the top Simon threw to the floor, making a huge untidy pile beside the basket, and he rummaged along the bottom until he brought up a large pair of scissors. "These them?" he asked, and walked away from the basket with that heap of material still lying beside it. Joan let the mess stay there. She followed Simon into the kitchen, a few steps behind him, with her eyes on the back of his head. Where it had been pressed against the couch, his hair was as matted as a bird's nest. It would take a sickle to cut all that off.

IN THE KITCHEN she found an apron and tied it around his neck, to keep the hair from tickling, and then she had him sit on the high wooden stool beside the kitchen table. He revolved on it slowly, making the seat of it squeak, while Joan looked him over and debated where to start. "I don't know where you *got* all that hair," she told him. "When was the last time you went to the barber's?"

"I don't know."

"It couldn't have been all that long ago."

"You sure you know how to cut hair?" Simon asked.

"Of course I do."

"Whose have you cut?"

"Well, my own," Joan said.

He stopped revolving and looked at her hairdo. "It's a little choppy at the ends," he told her.

"It's supposed to be."

"Will mine come out like that?"

"I surely hope not."

"If it does, what will we—"

"Now, Simon," Joan said, "I don't want to hear any more about it. Let's just get it over with."

He sighed then and gave in, but with his shoulders squinched up and his neck drawn into itself as if he thought she might slip and cut his head off. His hair grew in layers, lapping downwards like hay on a haystack. When Joan cut too much from one of the sun-yellowed upper layers it sprang straight up, choppy and jagged-edged, and she quickly pressed it down again and shot a look at Simon to see if he had noticed. He hadn't. He sat slumped on the stool, idly swinging one foot and gazing out of the window. The

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only sound now was the steady snipping of scissors.

Out in the back yard Joan could see her uncle—just his head and his crumpled blue shirt. He was tilting back on an old kitchen chair in the sunshine, with one hand resting absently on Nellie's neck. That was the way he had been sitting all day. When Joan called him for meals he came in docilely and ate everything set before him, and then he went out back again. Twice he had gone upstairs to see his wife, but that had taken only a minute; he must have given up trying to talk to her. Even Joan had given up. When she went to her aunt's bedroom, to where she was lying on her back with the covers pulled up around her, and asked her to come down for a bite to eat, her aunt only said "No" and closed her eyes. Saying that one word seemed to take all the strength she could muster; Joan didn't dare argue with her. In the back of her mind she kept trying to think up little plots, planning ways to get her aunt interested in something, but she wasn't the kind of person who could do that. The most she could do was try and take care of the house for a while, and feed Mr. Pike and Simon. Even that was hard; she had never learned how to keep house.

The top part of Simon's hair was cut now. She squinted at it, not sure if this was how it was supposed to be or not. It seemed a little home-made-looking. But then she shrugged and began on the shaggy part along the back of his neck. She could always even it up later on.

OUTSIDE, Ansel called, "Is anybody home?" His voice was thin and wavered on the wind. Simon gave a sudden start and turned his head, so that Joan nearly gouged him in the neck. "Hold *still*, Simon," she said, and Ansel called again, "Is anybody home?"

"It's him," Simon said.

"Who do you mean? It's Ansel."

"I know. It's him."

"Just stop wiggling," said Joan. She raised her voice and called out, "We're out here, Ansel."

"Out where?"

"Out *here*."

"Well, is someone going to come and let me in?"

"It's not locked," Joan said, and returned to her cutting. She didn't like Ansel and had never pretended to; he could open his own doors. When he came ambling out to the kitchen, walking in that shuffling way of his and stooping to get through the doorway, she didn't

even turn around to look at him. "How are you," she said, making it a statement.

"Oh, not so bad, I guess."

"Turn a little to the left, Simon."

"Hey, Simon," Ansel said.

Simon frowned at his boots.

"*Hey*, boy."

"He's having his hair cut," said Joan.

"Ah, I see. That makes it impossible for him to speak."

"Will you have a seat?"

"I might," he said. He pulled out one of the chairs from the table and sat down, facing Joan and Simon. He was looking better than usual today. The yellow of his face had faded and he sat nearly erect, with his arms folded across his chest. When he saw Simon frowning at him he smiled his dippy smile and said, "What's the matter with the barber, boy?"

"What?"

"Barber sick?"

But Simon only shrugged and didn't answer. Joan said, "I'm cutting his hair myself this time."

"I see that."

"I'm using the sewing scissors."

"I *see*."

That seemed to leave nothing more to be said. Joan hesitated a minute, with the scissors in mid-air, and then she said, "Turn around, Simon."

"Are we done?" Simon asked.

"Almost. I want to think what to do about the front part of it."

"Where's Mr. and Mrs. Pike?" asked Ansel.

"Uncle Roy's out back."

"Where's *Mrs.* Pike?"

Joan was frowning at Simon's hair, trying to figure out how to begin on that front shock. Any way she managed it, it was almost sure to end up looking like bangs. She snipped gingerly at one piece and held what she had cut off up to the light to examine it. Then she said, "Ansel, what're you here for?"

"Who, me?"

"Didn't James tell you not to bother her? Where *is* James?"

"He's taking pictures of the Hammonds."

"Didn't he tell you not to come around here?"

"Well, yes, he did," Ansel said. "He *suggested* that I don't. But I was sitting reading on the couch and it occurred to me that I might just wander over and see how you all are doing."

"We're doing fine," said Joan. She snipped off another piece of hair.

"Joan, you're ruining that boy."

"It'll turn out all right."

"Well. I was sitting reading a *Guideposts*," Ansel said, "and after that two outdoor-type magazines, and then I read them again. I would've read them a third time, if I hadn't come on over here. I read even the smallest inch-long ads for worm farms; I read the list of editors at the front and the entire information about subscriptions. Then I thought I might come and see you."

"Simon, maybe you better get a mirror," Joan said. "I'm not sure what you're going to think of this."

"Aw, I don't care," said Simon. "Is it done?"

"You go look in the mirror and *see* if it is."

Simon stood up and little rags of hair fell around him, spilling off the apron around his neck. When he walked out of the room he trailed fuzz in a long path behind him.

"He won't thank you for this," Ansel said.

"I don't think it's so bad."

"Twice before, I started to come," Ansel said. "I got up and headed for the door and then I thought 'No.' I cut my fingernails. I cleaned out my wallet. Then I thought I might as well come over. I thought—"

WHEN he talked he had a way of leaning slightly forward and placing his fingertips together, as if

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words came hard to him and he had to consider. Yet in reality the words came flooding from him; it always made Joan feel swept away and drowned, with so many useless words spilling around her. Sometimes she could even get interested in what he said, but she never lost that drowned feeling. While he talked she stood silently by the stool, keeping her face blank and idly snipping at thin air with her scissors, but inside she was thinking, I wish you would *go*. The pale thinness of his face irritated her. She thought about all the long evenings of three long years, with James sitting next to her on the porch and never taking one step forward, never asking for more than tonight's kiss and tomorrow's date and never mentioning marriage or a family or any of those other things she was sitting there waiting to hear. And the reason for it all was Ansel, who hung limp and heavy in his brother's living room and expected to die any day, although actually he was stronger than any of them. He had that flood of words, after all, and that sad dippy smile, and that way of placing his fingers together as if asking people to be patient while he fumbled for what to say. "I thought I would come offer sympathy and then leave again," he was saying, and Joan snapped, "Well, you've offered it. Are you leaving?"

"Huh?" Ansel said. He looked up, bewildered. "Joan, I ain't even seen your Aunt *Lou* yet—"

Simon came in, with his hair plastered down by water. "It looks kind of like I expected it to," he said.

"You don't like it?"

"Well, yes. It'll grow out."

"I could trim it around the edges a little more," Joan said.

"No, that's all right. Thank you anyway."

"Or maybe tomorrow you could—"

"Hush!" Ansel said. He sat up straight, listening, and when the other two turned toward him he pointed at the ceiling. "Footsteps," he said.

It was the slow, clapping sound of Mrs. Pike's mules, crossing the upstairs hallway. "She's only going over to the bedroom," Joan said, but then the sound continued to the stairs, and Ansel said, "She's coming down." He stood up, preparing to meet her. Joan reached and touched his arm. "Let her be," she said. "Why don't you go home?"

"I wanted to say hello."

"Do it some other time."

"No, I want—"

THE FOOTSTEPS descended slowly, like a child's, both feet meeting on the same step, then another hesitant step downwards. Joan left the kitchen, with a wave of her hand toward Ansel to show that he should stay there. He did, which surprised her a little. She crossed through the parlor alone and came to stand at the bottom of the stairs, looking up. Her aunt had just barely reached the halfway point. She was holding onto the railing and gazing steadily at Joan, her face blank without its makeup, her dark-yellow hair straggly and uncurled and her plump body wrapped in a chenille bathrobe. The grayness of her made her blend into the dark stairwell. She said "Joan," and her voice came out blurred and gray also, without expression.

"What?" Joan said.

But her aunt didn't answer. She continued down the stairs laboriously, and when she reached the bottom she would have gone straight into the kitchen except that Joan took hold of her by one arm.

"Don't you want to sit in the parlor awhile?" she asked. "I'll bring coffee."

"No."

"*Ansel's* out there in the kitchen."

"No."

Mrs. Pike went on walking, not pulling away from Joan but just walking off, so that Joan had to drop her arm or follow her. She dropped it. Her aunt said "No" again, as if

some new question had been raised, but Joan was trailing behind her now in silence, frowning at Mrs. Pike's back. Her back was soft and shapeless, and folded in upon itself at the waist where her sash was tightened. When she walked the hem of her robe fluttered out and Joan could see the dinginess where it had dragged across the floor.

Ansel was standing, ready to greet her. He said, "Mrs. Pike, I been waiting to see you," and Mrs. Pike said "Ansel" and crossed to one of the kitchen chairs. Over by the window Simon stood with his back to her, his hands jammed awkwardly in his pockets and his chopped-at scraggly head wearing a stiff and listening look.

"I only came to tell you how I feel," Ansel said gently. "Then I'll leave."

"Where is Roy?" asked Mrs. Pike.

"Out back. You want I should get him?"

"No."

Mrs. Pike was sitting craned forward a little, with her hands on her stomach as if it hurt her. After a minute Ansel sat down opposite her, but Joan remained standing and Simon stayed by the window. Mrs. Pike didn't look at any of them. "I thought I would come downstairs a little," she said.

"That's the way," said Ansel. "You shouldn't sit alone."

"I wasn't sitting."

"What I actually came to say," Ansel said, "was how bad I feel about all this. That's all I wanted to tell you. I told James, I said, 'It's like the tragedy has struck at our *own* lives. I know just how she feels,' I said. I said—"

"No," said Mrs. Pike.

"Ma'am?"

But Mrs. Pike only looked away then, toward the screen door. Behind her, Simon picked up the cord of the paper window shade and began tying knots in it, small tight knots running up and down the length of the cord.

"What was you saying 'No' for?" Ansel asked.

Mrs. Pike didn't answer.

"Was you saying I *don't* know how you feel? Mrs. Pike, I know how you feel better than you do yourself. I been through this before."

"Ansel," Joan said, "you've offered your sympathy now. I think you'd better leave."

"But I've got so much I want to *say* to her—"

"I came down to eat," said Mrs. Pike, "but I don't think I will."

JOAN turned away from Ansel and looked down at Mrs. Pike. She said, "Why, Aunt Lou, there's all kinds of

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things to eat in the icebox. Everyone's been bringing things."

"No," her aunt said.

"I know that when my mother died," said Ansel, "everyone kept trying to snap me out of it. They said that mourning has never brought the dead back. But it's only right to mourn; it's only natural. People have their faults but when they're dead you mourn them, and you expect to be mourned yourself someday."

"Janie Rose didn't have no faults," said Mrs. Pike.

"No, ma'am, of course she didn't. When my—"

"We don't know how it might have turned out. She was a little chubby but not, you know, really fat. She might have slimmed down some later on. I never *said* to her she was fat. I don't know what she *thought* I said but really I didn't. Never a word."

"When my mother died," said Ansel, "I thought of all the bad things I ever said about her. I got in a real swivet about it. She was a fine woman, but scared of everything. Wouldn't stand up against my father for us. When some sort of crisis was going on she had a way of sort of humming underneath her breath, slow and steady with no tune, and sewing away at someone's overalls without looking up. My father was—"

Joan came over and stood between Ansel and Mrs. Pike, bending down low so as to make her aunt look into her face. "I want you to eat something, now," she said. "There's a stew. Would you like that?"

"No."

"There's a whole icebox of things."

"No."

"My father was not what you'd call a man of *heart,*" said Ansel, placing his fingertips together. "Very strict. We always kept two goats around the place, to eat off the underbrush—"

"Isn't it funny," Mrs. Pike said, "that no one sent roses. Roses are a very normal flower, yet nobody sent them. Everything but, in fact."

"It's a little hot for good roses," Joan said.

"In the spring, when the goats had kids," said Ansel, "we would fatten them up for eating. Only by the time they were fat they'd be good pets, and we would beg for my father not to kill them. We would cry and make promises. But my mother sat humming (though she loved those goats the best of all and had names for every one of them) and my father always killed them. Only there was one thing that made up for that—"

"Ansel," Joan said, "Will you go home?"

"Wait a minute. When my mother brought a roasted kid in, or any part of it, holding it high on a wooden platter with potatoes around it, she always dropped it just in the doorway between the kitchen and the dining room. It never failed. The meat on the floor, and the potatoes rolling about like marbles and leaving little buttery paths behind them. 'Pick it up,' my father always said, but she would begin talking about germs and never let us eat it. I haven't *yet* tasted a piece of roasted goat. I think about that often now; it makes up for that humming, almost. I'm sorry I ever—"

SOMEONE knocked on the front door. Joan said, "Ansel, will you go see who that is?"

"Why, Joan, it's *your* house."

"I don't care; just go."

"I'm not *well* enough to go bobbing up and down for people," said Ansel. But he rose anyway, moving

slowly like an old man and holding his chest. "Who is it?" he called.

"Is that you, Ansel?"

It was James, with his voice sounding loud and steady even though he was still outside the house. Hearing him made Joan straighten up and feel suddenly more cheerful, and Simon turned around and let the window-shade cord slip out of his hand. "Ansel, what are you doing here?" James called.

"What're *you* doing here?"

"I'm looking for you. I been looking all over."

James had let himself in now, seeing that Ansel wasn't advancing to the door very quickly. He crossed the parlor in long strides and appeared in the kitchen entrance with his hands on his hips.

"I'm taking you home for supper," he told Ansel. "I'm sorry about this, Mrs. Pike."

Mrs. Pike only gazed at him unblinkingly, without appearing to hear him. Joan said, "I wish you would, James."

"Come on, Ansel."

"Supper in the after*noon?*" asked Ansel.

"It's getting on towards sunset."

"Well, I don't feel so good, James. I'm not hungry."

"What's the matter with you?" James asked.

"My head is swimming."

"You been resting enough?"

"Well, yes. But after lunch this blackness started floating in, and then a little later this, um—"

Joan leaned back against the table, watching. She had never seen James actually *listen* to all this before; it seemed strange, and she couldn't figure out why he was doing it. The more James listened, the more Ansel's symptoms expanded and grew in detail; even his face looked paler. But James kept on nodding, saying "Hmm" every now and then. Finally he said, "I'll put you in bed. You can have your supper on a tray, if you want."

"Oh, I think I'll just stay here and—"

"It's time to go, Ansel."

Ansel sighed and let himself be led toward the doorway by one elbow. To Mrs. Pike he called, "I hope you're feeling better, ma'am. I'll be back tomorrow, maybe, or the next day—"

"Come on," James said.

THEY stopped trying to be graceful about it. James gave Ansel's arm a good tug and Joan followed close behind, almost on Ansel's heels, to hurry him out. After her came Simon, with his face looking small and curious under his ragged haircut. Mrs. Pike didn't go with them. She sat quietly in her chair, with her hands still pressed to her stomach, and it wasn't until the others were in the parlor that she spoke.

"*Nobody* knows," she said distinctly.

Ansel wheeled around, fighting off Joan's and James's hands, and shouted, "What's that?"

Mrs. Pike didn't answer.

"Let's go," James said.

"I just want to tell you," Ansel

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shouted toward the kitchen, "I know better than you can *imagine*, Mrs. Pike. You're just sorry now you weren't nicer to her, but I know how it feels to *really* miss someone. I remember—"

Both James and Joan stopped then, looking first at Ansel and then back toward the kitchen. But all they heard was the creaking of a chair, as if Mrs. Pike had changed positions. And that seemed to show Ansel what they had been trying to tell him all along: that Mrs. Pike wasn't listening right now, and that nothing he could say would do her any good or any harm. So he shrugged and let himself be led the rest of the way out. When Joan stepped back a pace, indicating that he should go first and that she was staying in the house, he nodded goodbye to her gravely and waved one hand toward Simon.

"One thing I'd like to make clear, Joan," he said. He was facing her squarely, acting very formal and dignified. "I *do* know," he told her.

"All right," Joan said.

"I *remember* how it feels. My memory's excellent."

"I believe you."

"All right, Ansel," James said.

He led him out to the porch. When he passed Joan she could smell the smoky, outdoors smell of James's hair, and he bent closer to her and said, "If you need anything, I want you to tell me."

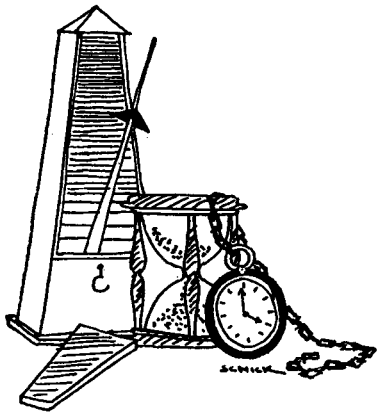
"I will."

"And when you can get away, come over and see us."

"I will."

She stood in the doorway with her hand on Simon's shoulder and watched after them—Ansel tall and thin and leaning against James, who was solider and could bear his weight. She heard Ansel say, "Right through my temples it is, James. A sort of spindle of dizzy-feeling, right through my temples."

But James didn't answer that. And Joan, listening with a frown because it was so strange to her, felt suddenly lost and uncertain. She retreated into the parlor again, letting the screen door swing slowly shut behind her. But there was no one to listen to what was bothering her. Only Mrs. Pike, staring at the wall in the kitchen, and Simon beside her with his funny new haircut.



Crescendo on the Campus: Our New Music Centers

HENRY PLEASANTS

When the Irish tenor Michael Kelly visited the Naples Conservatory of Music in 1779, he found it to be one huge schoolroom filled with students: "some singing, others playing upon the violin, hautboy, clarinet, horn, trumpet, etc., each different music and in different keys." He wrote that "The noise was horrible, and in the midst of this terrific Babel the boy who studied composition was expected to perform his task and harmonize a melody given him by his master. I left the place in disgust, and swore to myself never to become an inmate of it."

In his book *Maestro*, Howard Taubman describes the school that Arturo Toscanini entered at the age of nine and left at eighteen:

"When you see the word 'conservatory,' you think of a gracious institution devoted to the finer things. . . . But the Parma Conservatory three-quarters of a century ago, like schools of music in other parts of Italy and Europe at the time, was more like a military school. The students wore uniforms; they lived in plain quarters; they were expected to rise and turn in at a given hour, as you would in barracks. The school was surrounded by a stone wall, and the scholars—one is tempted to say the inmates, in the perspective of our own standards—were granted the privilege of being led through the town for a walk once every two weeks."

Those who survived such conservatories with their wits and skills intact went on to the arduous, ill-paid, and uncertain apprenticeship of the professional musician in the provincial theaters, a life Toscanini called one of "hard, hard work. You cannot imagine what it means to conduct opera with poor singers, poor choristers, poor orchestra players." Hard, hard work—but work there was, and, if the apprenticeship was successfully served, a career as a performing musician.

A century ago, higher musical education for aspiring performers in the United States was not greatly different from that at the Naples Conservatory. A few conservatories and private teachers adequately filled the demands of the gifted amateur and the would-be professional, the most fortunate and determined of whom often went to complete their education in Europe.

Beginning in the 1930's, and particularly after the Second World War, what had been a trickle of aspiring opera singers and virtuosi became a flood. Each year for the

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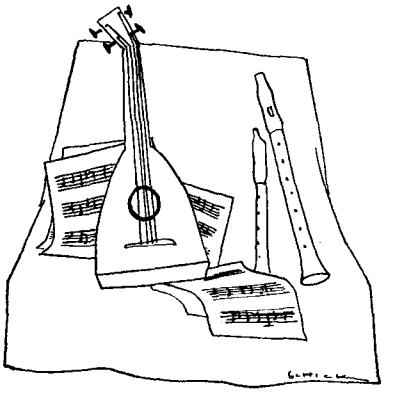
past decade, some forty thousand young men and women have studied for a career in music, a third of them for careers as performing artists. The great majority of these hesitate to face the professional world without the security of an academic degree, which promises the haven of a teaching job in the not unlikely event of professional shipwreck. Thus, where a generation ago such students would have gone to a traditional conservatory or to a private teacher to learn their craft, most of them now attend a college or a university within the established framework of an academic curriculum. In any case, the conservatory to which they might have gone is now likely to be part of a university, for the far greater affluence of the universities, particularly those financed by state funds, has forced most of the older conservatories to accept absorption, with an obvious increase in emphasis on academic disciplines and criteria.

There has always been musical education at some colleges and universities, but the emphasis was on theory, history, musicology, and music education. At Harvard, Princeton, and some of the older Eastern schools it still is. Many academicians in newly enlarged music departments wish that the old order had not changed. But the vastly increased number of young people bent on careers as performing musicians has forced a radical change in both curriculum and faculty at many universities, creating a new demand for teachers with professional experience as performing artists.

UNDER these altered circumstances, it is not so surprising that the largest music school in the world, with a student enrollment of 1,100 and a faculty of 114, is at a state university—Indiana in Bloomington. Walking through the curious silo-like five-story structure that was built in 1960 as an addition to the existing music school, one is struck by the number of famous names on the doors of the pie-shaped studies: pianists Abbey Simon, Sidney Foster, and Joseph Battista; Frank St. Leger, who conducted for many years at the Chicago Opera Company and at the Metropolitan Opera House; soprano Margaret Harshaw; Joseph Gingold, until recently concertmaster of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra; Charles Kullman of the Metropolitan; Janos Starker, the celebrated cellist; Tibor Kozma, formerly of the Met and the New York City Center, now conductor of the school's symphony orchestra.

Some of the older conservatories of music in Europe and America have had their share of illustrious names, but they have been—and still are—centered in the big cities. Certainly there has never been so impressive a group at any American university or in any city the size of Bloomington as that which has been assembled by Dean Wilfred C. Bain at Indiana's School of Music. Still, Dean Bain's widely influential contribution to American musical education has more to do with the relationship of music school to community than with musical pedagogy as such. He believes that a music school should exist within the larger concept of a center for the performing arts, and that what he has created at Indiana would be superfluous and anachronistic in the ready-made cultural community of a big city.

His concept fits perfectly and even anticipates the vision of regional centers of the performing arts outlined in a recent Rockefeller Panel report, "The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects." The Saturday-night productions of the University of Indiana Opera Theatre in the East Hall of the campus, the summer productions in the football stadium (modeled on the outdoor productions at the arena in Verona), and the annual productions of *Parsifal* at Indianapolis—by casts composed of faculty, artists in residence, and graduate and undergraduate students—are in effect state-subsidized opera. The same is true in



principle of the on- and off-campus concerts of the school's Philharmonic Orchestra and the various chamber groups and solo recitals to which the community is invited at a modest admission charge.

THIS KIND of activity is not confined to Bloomington. Indiana's School of Music is the biggest but famous singers, pianists, violinists, cellists, organists, and composers are teaching and performing at scores of colleges and universities throughout the country. At Los Angeles, the University of Southern California's Opera Theater, under the direction of Walter Ducloux, has done a Verdi cycle, not to mention Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress,* Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes,* and the American premiere of Richard Strauss's *Die Liebe der Danae.* The past season has seen Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* stunningly produced at the University of Michigan under the direction of Joseph Blatt, and important productions of modern operas—some of them by composers in residence—at Oberlin, the University of Denver, Northwestern, and Washington University in St. Louis. Indeed, the repertoire of these campus opera theatres would delight those urban critics who are forever complaining about the stodgy selections of the professional opera houses. Several of the university orchestras are probably in a class with all but the top dozen professional orchestras; and the choruses, notably the Oberlin College Choir and the University of Texas Concert Choir, are among the best in the world.

The presence in these college and university towns of teacher-performers, and the orchestras, chamber groups, and opera companies they develop and train, are evidence of an unprecedented and little-noted explosion in music education, with many implications for the future structure and character of musical life in the United States. Their presence is, at the same time, evidence of the limited professional opportunities in opera and concert open to the aspiring musician. Even to the relatively successful public performer, the colleges offer irresistible inducements: economic security, a good home life in a congenial community, an opportunity to continue

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as a performer at shorter intervals or within a regional radius, and an escape from the destructive pressure of worldwide touring in the jet age. With campus salaries ranging between ten and twenty thousand dollars a year, teaching entails little or no financial sacrifice. (An artist grossing fifty thousand, but saddled with agents' fees, clothing, travel, coaching and advertising expenses, etc., will not net much more.)

STILL, various aspects of education by professional musicians are disturbing as well as exhilarating to just about everyone concerned. Hundreds of academicians who have made careers in music education, theory, history, and research rather than in public performance are less than enthusiastic about the invasion by performers, many of them without degrees or any academic experience. While conceding the need for professionally experienced instructors, and unable to resist the absorption of the conservatories into the universities, the academicians could not immediately abandon academic for professional criteria, and they are not about to do so. Though curricula have been greatly expanded, the main emphasis is still on the degree credit system, and it will continue to be. This system is resented by some professional performer-teachers because of the time it takes from what they regard as their students' primary task of achieving mastery as singers or instrumentalists. As one very distinguished professional, frustrated by academic demands upon his students' time and attention, put it: "Music is dying by degrees!"

Arthur Berger noted in his review of Arnold Schoenberg's *Letters* in the New York *Times*, "In letter after letter it is forcefully brought home to us that if universities and performer-oriented conservatories have opened their arms to creative artists, they have still not faced the reality that a regimentation evolved for the ordinary learning process is not always compatible with creativity." Schoenberg, it will be remembered, taught for many years at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Though the artist on campus makes for good public relations and is useful in fund raising, another predictable and not entirely healthy by-product of his presence is competition among the schools not only for the best faculty but also for the best opera theatre, the best orchestra, etc., with the wealthiest predictably coming off with the honors. The talented student, moreover, is given a bargaining power that he is unlikely to enjoy in later life. For gifted singers and instrumentalists, particularly orchestra players, there are inducements paralleled only in football and basketball—scholarships, fellowships, aid grants, and teaching assistantships. And since big-name teachers draw good students, they are an asset to the campus simply as bait for gifted young performers. In one famous case a celebrated violinist, moving from one campus to another, brought fourteen student violinists with him, to the benefit of the successful bidder's already excellent orchestra.

For young artists thus sought after, the temptation is strong to remain in such congenial surroundings, and many go from bachelor to master to doctor to teaching assistant to

A Relation of Art and Life

The Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard, 15th June, 1965

Into the sacred precincts come the savage sages,
The shamans meager of body, furious of mind
From lonesome meditations near to madness,
The wizards, wardens of the kindless wonders,
And prophets, who seek to bring catastrophe
Under a copyright, and doom to its publication.
With eyeballs able to swivel in their sockets,
These are the universal joints between the all and nothing;
Driven by dreams to the interpreters of dreams,
They are without sin, and casting their first stones.

Out of the desert they come, and from the mountains,
From contemplation of those still sterilities
Or the repetition of the ocean tides deriving
Each one his remedy for men, his unpriced pearl
To sell to the priesthood to be a secret saying
To say over sacrifices, to be cast in contempt
Before popular swine. The secret sayings are such
As destroy societies; to have one is to hold
A hot coal in the mouth, and what mouth would stay closed?
The sages have arrived; they are breathing fire.

First, Sexual License, all sweat and dishevel
And a scrotum stuffed like the sack of Santa Claus;
Then Drunken Disorder, big with his liquid bulk
Of unzipped incompetence and vomit and sleep.
And now comes Salutary Hatred, self-beshitten;
And Anarchy that acts, with Apathy his twin
That lets be acted; and Narcosis in his kinds,
That works the doorway to the double dream
Where pose the caterpillar and the butterfly
Their contradictions to the sunshine or the shroud.

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instructor to professor without ever leaving the campus haven. The dangers of inbreeding, complacency, and artistic parochialism in this sheltered existence are obvious and are generally recognized. But until prospects for the professional musician in the outside world improve, the temptation will continue to be overwhelming for the less adventurous.

IN THE academic year 1963-1964, the 280 colleges and universities then members of the National Association of Schools of Music—and these do not include the Juilliard in New York and the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia—had an enrollment of 35,210 and in the previous year graduated 6,582. Of this latter figure, 2,216 were bachelors of music or masters of music in applied music; in other words, students prepared for careers as public performers. Even making allowances for a preponderance of young women, some of whom will give up careers for marriage, and taking into account those who will continue to higher academic degrees or turn immediately to teaching or some other nonperforming specialty, these are formidable figures. For unlike his fellow graduates in the scientific, engineering, legal, medical, and business-administration departments, the aspiring singer or instrumental virtuoso is released into an outside professional world that cannot promise congenial and profitable employment.

The major commercial managements in the United States are already carrying some four hundred singers, 250 pianists, and sixty violinists on their rosters, and with a steady decline in audience demand for solo recitals, they have trouble making it possible for even half of them to make a reasonably good living from concerts and opera. The young singer or instrumental virtuoso must devote at least a postgraduate decade to what the managers call "the distillation process."

FOR SINGERS this means Broadway road shows, hit-or-miss opera, church singing, radio and TV commercials—or singing in German theatres, already overcrowded with their countrymen. (About 150 American singers are working in the German state and municipal opera houses. Ten times that number were contestants in the recently concluded Regional Auditions of the National Council of the Metropolitan Opera.) For pianists and violinists it means the dreary and oppressive round of prize contests here and abroad. For the orchestra musician—except for an elite few who will land immediately with one of the top orchestras—it means badly paid part-time employment in secondary professional or semi-professional orchestras almost certainly inferior to the student orchestra he has just left. Out of this "distillation process" will emerge one per cent or less who will really succeed in the nonacademic professional world. Small wonder, then, that many will turn sooner rather than later to teaching, in which employment prospects are still good.

It is sometimes argued that at no time in the history of music has more than a handful of artists achieved great fame and affluence. That is true. But it is equally true

The priesthood serenely appraises the secrets
And grades them according to order and harmony,
Establishing values, deriving from every vision
Its proper doctrine: from drunkenness a jail,
From sexual license the institution of wedlock,
From anarchy and apathy the armed services,
Industrial development from drugged sleep,
And from hatred the holy mystery of the law;
Absorbing outrage into probability,
Improving virtue from the average of vice.

Now avant-garde movies are made, money is given
For receiving the sages and making them at home
In the accursed culture; with subversive civility
The bride price is paid that the City be saved,
And the dreams of the desert are digested in art.
To reactionary mirages now the sages retire
In their neo-classical Cadillacs, miraculous
Ranches arise on the sands, and roses red and white
Bloom in the dust at the door; the sages get busy
Revising their visions comformably with fact.

While in the sacred precincts now the scribes
Already expound the Word that was without the world
An idiot star, a shining in chaos underived,
That now is marketable cosmos, and a cause
To be fought for and against, to be taught in schools
With grades, degrees, and fellowships, and gowns,
And hides, and hoods, by master ham and doctor clown;
Already in the colleges the Word that was no word
Is processed from the podium by professors in prose,
And dedicated scholars in the graduate schools

Busy to squeeze the Absurd and divide the Void
Into courses given for credit, that the generations
May batten on the bitter diet of the desert
Until the secret desire of their blood shall be
To property protected by the blue police
Whose order guards the graves beneath the vaults
Beneath the banks, whose houses now are glass
Contempting stones; in whose aquarian light, subdued,
Glow golden secretaries inaccessible on stilted heels,
And savage action paintings hanging patient on the walls.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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that at no time has the number of artists of the second category been so great or the standard of their attainments so high as in the United States today. The numbers are growing and the standards are rising every year. The schools may weed out, discourage, and divert, but both the will and the talent to perform are there, and the young are not easily put off by tales of hardship ahead.

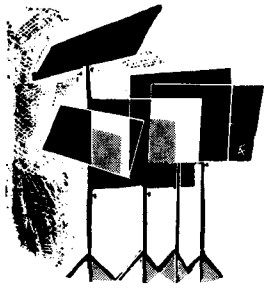
FOR THOSE who find these facts incompatible with the glowing reports broadcast by cultural propagandists about the tremendous growth of concert and opera activity in the United States, the Rockefeller Panel's report on "The Performing Arts" provides a simple, sobering explanation: *almost all this expansion is amateur*. According to the Rockefeller figures, "Of 1,401 symphony orchestras, only fifty-four are composed predominantly of professional musicians" (and, it should be added, only four offer year-round employment). "Of the 754 opera-producing groups, only thirty-five to forty are fully professional, and not more than ten of these provide performances more than fifteen days in the year."

The picture is made somewhat less gloomy, of course, by the extent to which the colleges and universities have themselves become centers for the performing arts.

The American university has been described as the court of the twentieth century, and indeed the schools, supported by private and foundation grants, church and state funds, have taken over the responsibility of providing a sanctuary for the arts once considered the prerogative and obligation of emperors, kings, and dukes. There is no doubt that patronage, in the forms of logistical, technical, and financial support, is on a regal scale. New building is the word everywhere, either already completed, under construction, or projected, and offering spacious teachers' studios, concert and recital halls, libraries, acoustical laboratories, record-listening booths, rehearsal rooms, and practice studios, each of them equipped with a Steinway.

And what is the objective of all this generously supported music education? The question haunts even the most academic of music educators, if only because a lack of competitive professional experience will inevitably lead to falling standards both in performance and teaching. For the fact remains that music is among those performing arts which, according to the Rockefeller Foundation Panel report, are "in trouble."

The growth of the college and university schools of music, the flood of professionals to the campus as teachers and performers, and the attendant on-campus and off-campus opera, concert, and recital performances are already contributing to a healthy decentralization of professional musical life in the United States. But there must be an outside professional musical community for the colleges and universities to stimulate, serve, and supply. By the addition of opera to a repertory theatre, including light opera, musicals, and ballet along the lines of



the smaller German municipal theatres, additional employment would be given to orchestra musicians, conductors, coaches, stage directors, and scene designers.

IT IS TRUE that no one of the performing arts can claim exclusive attention and ignore the inevitable ceiling on public, private, and foundation funds. But it is not the musical profession alone that is in a bad way, and a collective enterprise, realistically modest in scope, would seem to have far better prospects of engaging public sympathy and support. An investigation of the possibilities should be a legitimate concern of the twenty-five state and 160-odd local arts councils recently established throughout the United States.

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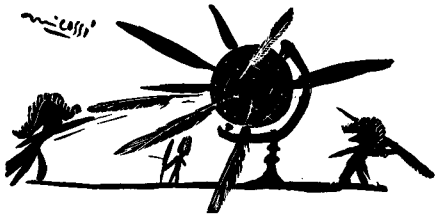
BOOKS



The Politics of Strategy

BERNARD BRODIE

THE TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP: A REAPPRAISAL OF THE ATLANTIC ALLIANCE, by Henry A. Kissinger. *McGraw-Hill. $5.95.*

This is Henry Kissinger's best book thus far. Certainly it is the best book I know of on the subject, and the only American book of recent years that compares with some of the best work of France's Raymond Aron.

In format it does not bear too conspicuously the trappings of formal scholarship but is rather a work of contemporary reportage. However, it is reporting on the very highest level. Kissinger's quotations and footnotes are more concerned with what statesmen have said and done than with what colleagues in his profession have concluded (though the latter are not altogether neglected). This procedure is justified largely by the originality and incisiveness of his own thoughts.

Kissinger is one of the few presently writing with a grasp of both international politics and of strategy. In an unsigned review-article written nearly two years ago in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, the reporter on defense affairs (Alun Gwynne-Jones, now Lord Chalfont, Labour minister for disarmament) ruminated on the representatives of that new breed of civilian strategists in the United States who seem to be developing fresh and significant ideas in the field of modern military strategy, and who were obviously influencing—and in some instances guiding—American strategy. The author made an interesting distinction between strategy as a form of conceptual analysis, which he considered "reasonably easy to define," and that which he considered to be represented by Kissinger, who was one of two he singled out as placing the emphasis on the *political* elements of strategy. (The other happened to be me, which I may perhaps be pardoned for mentioning on the ground that it exposes to the reader where my bias may lie.)

It struck me at the time that Chalfont was putting the approach to strategy via politics on a slightly lower level of value, as though it detracted from the development of what ought to be a *science* of strategy. If that was really his feeling, I might say that it would not have been shared by Clausewitz, whose most enduring contribution to strategic thinking was his insistence on the dominance of the political aim and indeed of political control in the determination of all important strategic issues. The fact that most military people after his time, including those who professed to be guided by him, were of a different opinion is not remarkable. It argues only that they had never studied Clausewitz.

WHAT WE have learned today, twenty years after the advent of the nuclear bomb, is that politics is as never before the basic stuff of strategy, especially of nuclear and even more clearly "pre-nuclear" strategy. It presents us, either in reality or in our minds, with all our dares and dare-nots—with the whys and wheres and hows. Or as Kissinger

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himself puts it in this book: "In the past, the major problem for strategists was to assemble superior strength; in the contemporary period the problem more frequently is how to make the available power relevant to objectives likely to be in dispute."

The new science of cost-effectiveness analysis, that wedding of technology with economics, may tell us that a certain type of nuclear weapon would provide a much more economical way of destroying a bridge in North Vietnam than would use of conventional or "iron" bombs—as well as many other things not nearly so obvious. But political considerations hold us to the iron bombs and indeed challenge the advisability of the whole operation. Comparable examples could be multiplied indefinitely, but it is clear that there is no need for them. It is mostly for these reasons, no doubt, that this book gives less space and consideration to purely strategic considerations than did some of Kissinger's earlier works—certainly far less than the one that made him famous (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, Harper & Brothers, 1957). Part Three of the book, which includes only three chapters, is assigned to "the strategic issues," and of these only the chapter called "The Nature of the Strategic Debate" really has much to do with the strictly military side of the problem. It is an excellent chapter, and it is sufficient.

The book is about the Atlantic Alliance; the problems that make it a "troubled partnership" are for the most part not questions of strategy at all, though many of them can hide behind the pretense of being that. Incidentally, of the three chapters supposed to be on strategic issues, Chapter 5 deals with the proposed multilateral force (MLF), which is from beginning to end a political and not a strategic issue. I should add that Kissinger's chapter on the MLF is in my opinion far and away the best summary and statement of this fantastic story that I have yet read.

Of the total of eight chapters in the book, there is only one about which I feel any substantial reservations. This is Chapter 2, which is on the subject of Franco-American relations, particularly with respect to President de Gaulle's role in them. I have considerable sympathy with most of Kissinger's views and insights even in this chapter, finding myself much oftener in agreement than not, but his apologia for de Gaulle does seem to go a bit too far. Kissinger might have a point in his insistence that de Gaulle's attacks on the United States are more motivated by his interest in bucking up French morale after the long years of defeat than by other considerations, but we have plenty of evidence that the French people are interested in other things, most of all prosperity; and while it no doubt gives most of them more pleasure than pain to see their president periodically kicking Uncle Sam, there are plenty of reservations in France even about that.

ON THE SUBJECT of the problem of Germany, however, and of the other members of the alliance, and especially of their dissatisfaction with the alliance as it now stands, Kissinger is superb. No doubt something is owing to his background, which assists him in achieving appropriate intellectual detachment and also makes him entirely at home in the German tongue. With these goes a reputation in Europe, especially as one closest to the highest councils of the United States and yet detached from and critical of their views, that undoubtedly gives him access under conditions of candor to all the important personages of the Continent.

Others may enjoy a comparable access and even linguistic skill, but few others have the remaining necessary equipment. There is no substitute for insight, perception, sensitivity, and what simply has to be called a "political sense." These Kissinger has in abundance, and in this field the combination is rare. It is really hard to understand why this should be so. Many articulate people study international politics, but few of them grasp so well its essence—especially where issues of military significance are involved. With his knowledge of military affairs goes an even rarer thing, a sense for the implications of power —its potentialities and its limitations.

In this book Kissinger has achieved a clarity and terseness of style that

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he has not always possessed in the past. He emerges here as no mean stylist, certainly as one of the most readable as well as insightful of the American commentators on the international scene.

The Desert Of Freedom

DEREK MORGAN

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM POSTERS, by Alan Sillitoe, *Knopf. $4.95.*

The surface hardness of Alan Sillitoe's stories about English slum life was realistic enough to attract the moviemakers, and *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner* made his reputation as a sort of tough-guy expert on back-street pubs, Borstal boys, and that reliable old twentieth-century stock character, the Rebel Mind. Few who actually read the books read them slowly enough to catch the lovely precision of words or to wonder whether there was any particular meaning to these stories apart from beery punch-ups and bloody-mindedness.

Try reading the *Long-Distance Runner* (forget all about the crucified movie version) not only as a story of wild and noble defiance by a boy forever and gloriously on what society has decided shall be the wrong side of the tracks, but also as an allegory of an artist's fight for integrity to his private, lonely purpose, beset by alien seductions and pilloried by sterile convention. You may conclude that both in its concept and in the masterful development to a final breathless achievement it is one of the most brilliant pieces of writing in recent times. It is, in fact, the work of a poet.

IT SHOULD put you in a mood to read his latest novel with rather more care than you might otherwise be tempted to give it. For *The Death of William Posters* is at best a wry parable that has got rather out of hand. At worst it is a disconcerting lapse into cliché by a man who could become one of the best writers in the language. Frankly, I'm not sure which it is.

A Nottingham factory hand named Frank Dawley quits his job, wife, and children, and sets out in search of himself into the middle of the twentieth century. He achieves his freedom from his background by degrees, first shacking up with a nurse who is separated from her husband, then having a brief go-round in London artistic circles, then taking up with a Jewish girl whose marriage to a fuddy-duddy has gone sour, and finally (after the fuddy-duddy has killed himself trying to kill Dawley) taking the lady off to North Africa, where he soon leaves her to swelter around in the sun, very pregnant, while he goes off to run arms to the Algerian rebels. As the story ends, he is heading out with his consignment of guns into the desert that seems to be as near as he is going to get to the vague freedom he set out to win.

Whether by accident or design, the characters become more and more stereotyped. The nurse's husband turns out to be an advertising man, complete with psychiatrist, who used to write poetry when he was young and brave. There is a drunken painter, uprooted from his Lincolnshire countryside and roaring predictable defiance at the limpid world of artists' agents (and sure enough his own agent is fat, well-heeled, and probably homosexual). The Jewish girl is, needless to say, sensitive. And last of all we meet a Hollywood-type American soldier of fortune, who speaks like Steve McQueen, carries a bottle of wine and a book of verse in his knapsack, and runs guns and kills bad guys because he too believes in Freedom.

Now the question is, How seriously does Sillitoe expect us to take all this? At times, for all the brilliant writing (and there are few living writers to equal Sillitoe when he is in a mood to use the English language in its brutality and beauty), the story reads almost like a parody. For all I know it may be partly that: the Lincolnshire painter is urged by the critics to "respect his roots by leaving them as soon as possible and showing us the rest of the world coloured by his unique

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vision." The same sort of thing was said by a few boneheads about Sillitoe's earlier books. Certainly the story ranges far afield from his native Nottingham and certainly it gets more and more contrived the farther away it gets, so that it might almost be a satire on the descent into cliché that awaits an artist who deserts the infinite depths of the world he knows for the humdrum charade of pop adventure. Is Sillitoe laughing up his sleeve as he documents his hero's distance from home in the carefully noted meals he eats along the way—from sausages and beer with the nurse, through chicken portugaise and wine in London, to "dawn brandy" (oh my God!) and fresh rolls in the tropical sun?

OR PERHAPS it is a satire of another order. Is he showing us how empty and wearisome rebellion can become if it is merely a rebellion *against* something with no positive and precise goal in mind? His Nottingham factory worker's freedom to womanize, to drink incessantly without getting drunk in the James Bond manner, and to romp from country to country with no visible means of support is vaguely enviable. But it is no more credible —and considerably more pointless— than Bond himself. What started in Nottingham as a quest for freedom, (undefined) ends in North Africa as woolly escapism. But again, does Sillitoe intend this or not?

The William Posters of the title is better known as Bill Posters, who, according to thousands of warnings all over England, Will Be Prosecuted. In the tight world of the Nottingham slums Frank Dawley makes a heroic symbol out of him—the loner against the world, always on the run from the dull mores of society, the wily man in the cloth cap who will survive as long as his oppressors.

But not a moment longer. For when those vague "oppressors" lie vanquished—when Dawley has fought his way out of the stifling patterns of his background and that freedom of his seems won—then Bill Posters dies too like a rat in a trap. He was after all only a footling rebel against a footling society, and there is no longer any reason for him to exist when that society has (for Frank Dawley at least) ceased to exist.

But is anything specific going to take place in the desert of freedom where Frank Dawley finds himself? And does Dawley realize that he's no more convincing as a steely-eyed gunrunner than poor old Bill Posters himself would have been? For all his endless self-examinations and brandy for breakfast, he is still a lad from Nottingham, wildly out of place, and unable to think of anything more original to do in that stark new country than ape matinee idols. In Nottingham, with his prejudices and perceptions and seedy heroes, Dawley was an interesting man. Liberated, he has little to tell us.

As I say, I don't know how far Sillitoe consciously intends this —whether this story is a parable or a lapse into cliché. Bearing in mind the perceptiveness of his past work, I would guess that it is a parable, though one that would have been easier to recognize if it had been presented in a shorter,

tighter form than this full-sized novel. But however that may be, one thing is certain: having arrived with Frank Dawley in the desert of freedom, Sillitoe must either find something better to do there than Dawley has done or make his way back to the imperfect world he left behind in those Nottinghams we are all born in. And this time he must view it with the eye of a traveler returned from unconstructive wanderings.

Both courses are difficult—much more difficult than the decision to leave home in the first place. But either way, a writer as good as Alan Sillitoe can make such a book of it that the death of William Posters could become significant as the beginning of a *real* twentieth-century adventure—the search for something positive to occupy our energies when we have achieved those generalized "freedoms" which have become the cliché of the age.

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THE CAREFUL WRITER, by Theodore M. Bernstein. *Atheneum. $7.95.*

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Considerations such as these probably led Theodore M. Bernstein to begin publishing in 1951 an occasional leaflet called "Winners & Sinners," which concerns itself with the printed pages of the *New York Times*. It discusses the beauties and horrors of reporters' English, praises some headlines as amusingly apt (yes, Virginia, there *are* amusing headlines in the *Times*) and damns others. Everyone knows the pronouncements are those of Mr. Bernstein, an assistant managing editor of the paper, who may be the only person to have sprung full-blown from the brow of Adolph Ochs.

"Winners & Sinners" has also led to the production of several books, the latest of which is *The Careful Writer*, a delightful volume on English usage that may achieve in time something of the stature and patina of an American Fowler.

POSSIBLY Bernstein's greatest virtue is that he cares about words and their relationships because he sees

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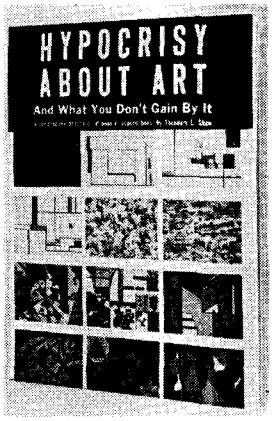

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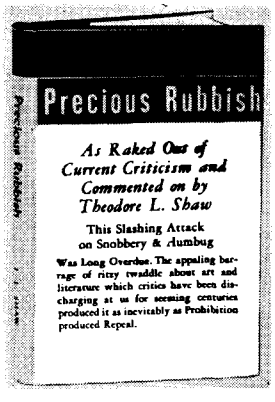
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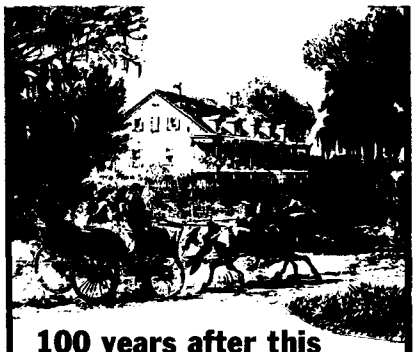

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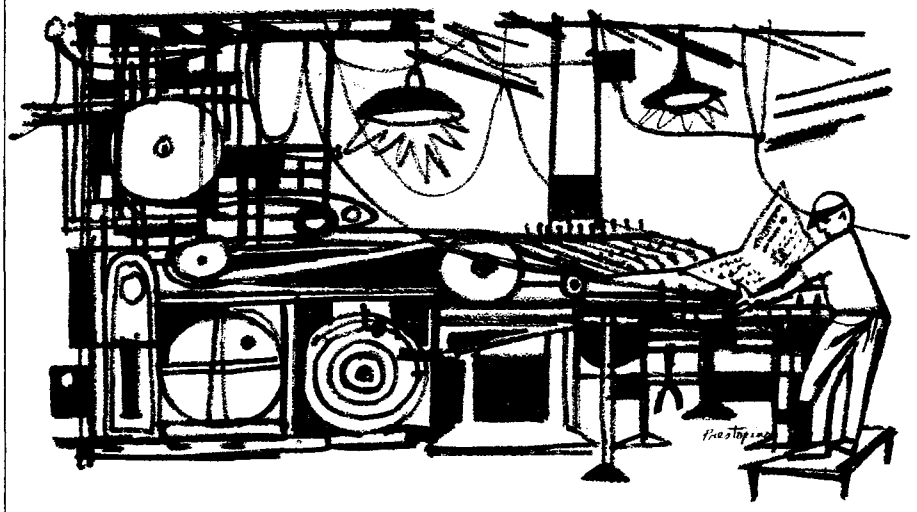
them as an improvable means of communication between fallible human beings. From this all else follows. His care has given him the conviction many a guru acquires that he is indeed a leader and guide along the True Path, and this has given his book the inestimable advantage of being firm. Bernstein does not believe in Webster III, he does not believe in Timestyle, he does not believe in structural linguistics. He does believe that his equipment and credentials are sufficient to form binding judgments and he is not afraid to judge. Furthermore, he reports that he was led to put paper into typewriter after watching "the twisting of our language, which is being encouraged by linguists and teachers who find it easier to follow their sometimes benighted charges than to lead them."

Thus it is that he objects to "Balding" ("Why not *baldish*? Because, the writers for a certain magazine that love the word might reply, *balding* implies becoming bald, whereas *baldish* refers to a static condition. . . . how can those magazine people tell by looking at a man whether he is in a static condition or in the midst of a continuing process? Does he bald before their unusually discerning eyes?") and defends "Belly" ("When viewed from the two extremes of the coarse slang *guts* and the arch babytalk *tummy*, the term *belly* seems a fine old word"); calls for the pruning of "in order to" and "in the midst of"; gets nasty about the newest uses of "-wise" suffixes and snappish about uses of the passive voice where the active is more suitable.

Bernstein knows that compilers of books of usage are self-appointed oracles ("I tried very hard to get a legitimate appointment, but I could not even find a listing in the telephone directory for an Office of Oracle Appointments") but he moves ahead merrily anyway, enunciating broad dicta (see the miscellany of quirks under "Plurals") such as Bernstein's Second Law that bad words drive out and cheapen good (the First Law is that falling objects always seek the most inaccessible spot, which has little to do with usage but much to do with life) and sensible observations, as in "Got vs. Gotten": "British English is not necessarily superior (or inferior, either) to American English. . . . The two branches of the language are like two broad roads running side by side in the same direction; in some places one may be on a higher level . . . but in most places they proceed on the same level. In its use of *gotten* in addition to *got* American English may well have the advantage."



TO THIS CHRONICLE of praise should be added the many gleams of humor not quite as arch as the Office of Oracle Appointments figure. A favorite of Bernstein's is the sly use of locutions that he has just explained should be avoided. Thus, under "Fix": "In cases of doubt the writer will be well advised to fix on a precise, non-nebulous word rather than on *fix*." Favorites of mine are the collection of bad examples (some

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accidental puns displayed in their mountings are gems of their kind) and the generally good-natured observations about men and language, including a reasonable attention to the effect of advertising on our speech and the assumption that, given an unlooked-for change in the pattern of our ways, opposing authorities could become right in what they say.

The Careful Writer is not, however, infallible. A book so insistent on the importance of changing language "slowly and needfully" ought not to have invented the category of "forget-'em" words; that's another barbarism. Also, in the examples of "Atomic Flyswatters" (possibly a forget-'em subgroup, it means strong adjectives for moderate meanings), the phrase "terribly nice" is not American usage at all. Some of the words for which prepositions are given are not very enlightening. I quote only one entry: "Pregnant. Takes preposition *with* or *by*." There's a world of difference hidden in there.

But to pick at a few of the two thousand entries is silly. Most are good and part of the game is to argue.

Still, there is a caution that should be handed along. This is a newspaperman's book. Most of its examples are culled from newspapers, especially from the *Times*, a storehouse of bad examples. Many of its examples are addressed, consciously or not, to reporters or journalists who write books. Bernstein isn't telling you how to write like a poet. He is telling you how to write like Homer Bigart. He is talking about clear thinking and about a craft—"The writer is duty-bound to give a second thought to what he is doing if he is to qualify as a craftsman." Craft is the beginning, not the goal, of the great adventure.

It may be that Bernstein, through years of patient cajoling and through the impress of usually being right, now stands over the shoulder of anyone writing for the *Times*. It may also be that the *Times* is a central cultural fact in the country today and a central influence on our language. That's not necessarily praise. Where broadcasting has merely erased many of the accentual differences and pleasures of spoken English, newspapers have managed to erase much of the imagination, the grammatical innovation, and the pleasure of common written English. Maybe this book, a 487-page hymn by a witty, imaginative grammarian to the elegance of clarity, is intended to fix a little of the damage.

But it's a hard row to hoe, and who should know better than Mr. Bernstein? He doesn't really edit the *Times* so that he who reads may run, yet he is too seldom rewarded with fresh writing. Moreover, it isn't the only row to hoe. Although it doesn't seem so at times, Jimmy Breslin could pass an exam based on *The Careful Writer*. He *is* a careful writer. Still, he would probably make Bernstein even more baldish, for while he is truly within the language, Breslin follows a different tradition. This is a grand treatise on English usage, but it's a timetable, not a railroad, just as is Fowler, and there are other railroads. However, if you're interested in getting anywhere along the main route, one of the best places to start is on page vii of *The Careful Writer*.

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The Knack . . . and How to Lose It

GERALD WEALES

"OH, THE MOVIE was all right, but you should have seen the play." This line or a variant of it has been used casually to squash the overenthusiastic at least since Cecil B. De Mille made a film of *The Squaw Man*. The economics of selling plays to the movies, designed to protect live performance from filmed competition, makes it almost impossible to check on such throwaway criticism. At this moment, however, New York has just such a rare opportunity. Ann Jellicoe's *The Knack* continues its long off-Broadway run at the New Theatre while Richard Lester's movie version plays a few block away at the Plaza.

Part of the play's initial attraction must have been mixed up with the peculiar in-out snobbishness that has pervaded New York in the last few years. It was presented by the Establishment Theatre Company, which has Peter Cook (of *Beyond the Fringe*) among its directors and Sybil Burton in charge of casting; its author made her debut as playwright at the Royal Court in London; its director was Mike Nichols. Yet the popularity of *The Knack* lies less in such fashionable bona fides than in the fact that its author has brought a surface freshness of setting and milieu to one of the perennial chestnuts of standard farce.

One of the traditional farce heroes is the worm that turns, like the timid greeting-card verse writer of *Three Men on a Horse*, who asserts himself in the last act. The worm of Miss Jellicoe's play is Colin, physically and socially gauche, who does not have the knack for successful seduction. For the bulk of the play he is dominated by Tolen, who does have it and who uses his sense of superiority to mock, to tease, to belittle the admiring Colin. In the end, in the face of the predatory innocence of Nancy, it is Tolen who collapses and Colin (some men have knackness thrust upon them) who wins the day, while Tom, the inevitable farce friend, makes his self-deprecatory exit to let the young lovers face the final curtain alone.

If the plot is a solid defense against audience resistance, the setting is a powerful weapon in its own right. After a decade of neo-realistic English movies, we know where we are (or think we do) as soon as we meet the four characters and get a look at the room in which the action takes place. We are in that youthful London in which lechery and loneliness, art and loud music come together to give off an attractive if slightly squalid air of mild rebellion. The impression is misleading, however, for *The Knack* is farce rather than sociological soap opera.

Colin is supposed to be a schoolteacher, Tom an artist, and Tolen a musician, while Nancy has just come to London presumably in search of a job. But the audience quickly recognizes that they have no existence outside the enclosure in which they act out their charade. There are a window and a door through which they can and do frequently exit and enter, but they are not going anywhere, not even to the YWCA the seventeen-year-old Nancy is seeking; they are bound to the room by symbolic necessity. They live in a state of innocence (childlike, not childish, Tom insists) that gives validity to their inanity. Miss Jellicoe's best ruse is that she has written a sex farce about children without the usual intrusion of the outside world of parents and authority. In *The Knack*, there is nothing beyond the set but the audience, and it becomes part of the conspiracy that this is a world in which a worm can learn to turn without help or reward from a larger context.

WHAT HAPPENS to a simple set-bound story when it becomes a film, is given a chance to spread out, to escape its confines? In the case of *The Knack* it gets lost. Richard Lester, who in *A Hard Day's Night* proved himself one of the most inventive young directors, and Charles Wood, who wrote the screenplay, have hit upon a device designed to spread the action across London and at the same time separate it from the adult world. A chorus of disapproving whispers (couched in often hilarious lines) and an album of disapproving faces set them (the young people) off from us (the rest of the world). Occasionally, the chaotic camera angles, the lines muttered barely on mike, the ludicrous set shots (the naked Nancy playing the drums and crooning her "rape, rape" accusation), the elaborate mechanical gags, and the fantasy sequences seem intended to further Miss Jellicoe's story, but in the end they kill it. True, Colin wins and Tolen loses, as in the play, but there is no build-up to the point where Colin can rise out of the farce debris and assert himself: "You touch her and I'll kill you." Who gets Nancy or whether or not anyone gets Nancy is finally beside the point. The story of the four babes in arms becomes an excuse for visual and verbal gaggery that recalls the Marx Brothers at their most nihilistic.

In *A Hard Day's Night* Lester found his perfect subject. The phenomenon of the success of the Beatles, absurd and chaotic in itself, gave him an excuse for a kaleidoscope in which lyricism and slapstick, satire and parody, the pointed remark and the pointless one could come together to create a film that was at once a mood and an idea. In *The Knack* his attempt to evoke in movie terms the fantasy and the nonsense of the young people's world keeps the characters themselves from having a dramatic existence. In the play, they are no more than comic and sentimental stereotypes; in the movie they are the same stereotypes, shattered, become fragments. *The Knack* also displays Lester's growing attraction to elaborate gags in which the special-effects man replaces the actor as comedian. Nancy's bit with the luggage lockers is a kind of preview for Lester's newest Beatle movie, *Help!*, in which his inventiveness has become simple trickery.

There are two *Knacks*, then—a stage farce that uses character and situation to be both amusing and touching, and a movie farce in which character and situation are sacrificed to wild fun and games. Oh, the movie is funny all right, but you'd better see the play, too.

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HOW TO TURN A PIECE OF GLASS INTO AN ELECTRONIC CIRCUIT

Actually, of course, the circuit is there all the time. It's the pattern printed on the glass. This pattern is, however, less than one millionth of an inch thick, and is so thin you can't see it when the glass is turned on edge. It is used in the new Electronic Switching System Western Electric is building for the Bell System communications network. ☐ Developed by our teammates at Bell Telephone Laboratories, these thin film circuits are remarkably compact and efficient. But producing them in volume presents Western Electric with unique manufacturing problems. For example, the thickness of the film throughout the entire circuit must not vary even one-half of one millionth of an inch! ☐ Solving such problems, however, is exactly what Western Electric has been doing ever since we became part of the Bell System in 1882. As the problems grow, so do our skills at solving them. That is why, today, we are able to produce the most advanced communications equipment, in volume and to the highest standards of quality and reliability. ☐ That's our responsibility as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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